Book Trails

ON THE HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE

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ON THE HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE

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PUBLISHERS • CHICAGO

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Printed in U. S. A.

THE BLACK DWARF

RETOLD BY GERALD FRIEDLANDER

THERE once lived long, long ago, in some happy land, a Jew named Samuel. He was most pious, but, as so often happens with the good, he was unfortunately very poor. He had an aged mother to keep, as well as a charming wife and two sons. He dealt in cheap second-hand old clothes. His scanty earnings barely sufficed to enable him to make both ends meet. It often happened that the family had neither meat nor vegetables from Sunday to Friday. He generally managed, however, to find sufficient money to procure a substantial meal of fish, meat, and wine for the Sabbath. His object was to honor the holy Day of Rest in accordance with the good old Jewish custom.

In spite of his extreme poverty he was always ready to share his frugal fare with those less fortunate than himself. Jew and Gentile were always welcome at his table. He was a man of principles which he strove to put into practice. One of his rules was never to spend quite as much as he earned. Another was never to lose heart, so much so that he was wont to exclaim on sundry occasions: "If God should help me and make me a man of means, I will help others to get on in the world."

It happened one Friday morning, when he was going his usual round, that he saw himself all of a sudden confronted by a dwarf with a very long black beard. The little man was dressed

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in a smart black suit. He was closely examining the bundle of old clothes on Samuel's arm.

"What have you got there?" asks the dwarf.

Samuel replies: "Old clothes for sale."

"What is the price of this suit on top, which I see is black?" queries the dwarf.

Samuel answers: "The price is ten shillings. I cannot afford to take less, but if it should please the good God to help me and to make me a man of means, I promise to give you an entire suit free of charge."

"So be it," cries the dwarf; "I agree to purchase this suit for ten shillings. I am sorry to tell you that I do not happen to have all that money about me just now. I will, however, give you half a crown as a deposit. One day I will call on you and pay you the balance. Meanwhile please be good enough to keep the suit for me, for it is now mine. Do you agree?"

"Most gladly," replies Samuel, who put forth his hand to receive the half crown.

The next moment the dwarf was no longer to be seen. "Well, I never!" said Samuel. "I have never seen such a funny little fellow, all in black, with such a long beard, and then to disappear just as suddenly as he crossed my path. Very strange! Most peculiar!"

Samuel looked hither and thither for him, but all in vain. "He must be lost in the crowd of passers-by," he said to himself. He then reminded himself that he knew neither the name nor the address of the dwarf, but he remembered that he had promised to call for the suit and to pay the balance. As an

honest man, Samuel naturally refused various offers which were made to him by several of his customers who desired to purchase the little black suit. His reply to each one was, "It is sold already." One customer even offered to pay twenty shillings for it, but in vain, for he was not to be tempted.

It was still early in the day when he had lost sight of the dwarf. Normally he would continue to work till an hour before the Sabbath came in. That day, however, he began to feel tired and worn out before noon. The bundle of clothes on his arm seemed to him to grow heavier and heavier every minute. "I must get home quickly," he said to himself; "I must not lose a moment, for I cannot stand the strain. My poor arm will break."

When at last he reached his house he cast down the bundle, which fell on the floor with a heavy thud. He told his wife what had happened to him, and the reason of his early return. "I sold," he added, "the old black suit for ten shillings; it cost me only four shillings, because it was so small. I have done a good stroke of business today, thank God! I feel most grateful to our Heavenly Father for His never-failing mercies."

Now, there are times when a modest and unassuming man finds genuine consolation in forgetting for a while his daily occupation. Such a man loves to shut his eyes on the real world as he knows it and to think for a moment of another world, and to dream of things that might come to pass if kind fortune would but smile on him. As an offering of thanksgiving Samuel resolved to spend the coming Sabbath with greater joy than was his usual wont. He told his wife that for once in a while he would do the shopping and buy the food for the Sabbath. "I shall also invite as many poor people as I can find," he added: "they shall share our meal this evening."

Away he went after he had had a good rest, and came to the butcher. He ordered a large rib of beef to be sent to his home. "I will pay," said he, "for it now." He tendered the half crown to pay his bill. This was the piece of money which he had received from the dwarf. The butcher took the coin, and lo! it was a sovereign, a real golden coin. He naturally gave Samuel the correct change. The latter observed that he was receiving much more than he expected, so he said, "Do not give me more than I am entitled to receive."

"Leave that to me," said the honest butcher.

Samuel then went to the baker's shop and bought bread. "How much do I owe you?" he asks.

"Tenpence," replies the baker.

"Good," says Samuel. He opened his purse and took out a shilling, which he placed in the baker's hand.

The baker beheld a sovereign in his palm and exclaimed: "I must give you nineteen shillings and twopence change."

Samuel took the money, and although he marveled greatly, he said nothing. The same miracle happened in all the shops he visited, with the result that not only did he obtain the best of everything he needed for the Sabbath meal, but he also found his pockets full of change. The dwarf's half crown had suddenly made him a wealthy man. The miracle was by no means exhausted. For he found on his return home, when he began to empty his pockets, that as soon as he had emptied them, lo! and behold, they were full again. This pleasant experience kept him very busy for a long time.

At last the hour of the Sabbath came near and he had to hurry to get to the Synagogue in time. Whilst on his way he was delighted to think that he had filled a large box with the coins. When he came to the House of Prayer he thanked the Almighty Father of Mankind with heartfelt gratitude for the great wealth so suddenly bestowed upon him. "Make me worthy, O Lord," he said, "to use this wealth aright, so that I may find grace in Thine eyes and in the eyes of all who see me." After the conclusion of Divine Service he sought out the poor people and was very happy to take all of them home with him.

After the termination of the Holy Sabbath he began to count his money. He was again exceedingly surprised to see golden coin in the box which he had filled with silver coin. "This is simply marvelous!" he exclaimed. He then went to the corner of the room where the old clothes were piled up. He was about to take up the black suit belonging to the dwarf in order to pack it up, when it seemed to him to be slightly moving.

"This is perchance due to the wind," said he. But he found

that the windows and the door were shut. He now put his hand on the black coat and he was startled to find it warm, and at the same moment he felt his own hand being very gently gripped by another hand. He tried to release his own hand, but he could not do so until he had lifted up the entire suit, which seemed to shape itself upon the figure of the dwarf, who now stood before him dressed in the black suit.

"Peace be unto you, good Samuel!" cries the dwarf; "you surely recognize me, do you not? I have just come in for a moment, as I promised, to fetch my suit. I thought I might as well try it on now I am once here. See how excellently it fits me. I could almost imagine it was made to order and cut to measure. I am very well satisfied with my purchase, and I am now quite ready to pay you the small balance I owe you."

"Stay!" whispers Samuel, with a slight tremor in his voice, "what is the meaning of all this? The half crown you gave me last Friday morning has grown into a fortune. At last I am wealthy—see, there is more money here in this box than I ever expected to possess. Take it back, good little friend; it is really yours."

"Nay," interrupted the dwarf, "I lend you all this money as long as you remain modest, pious, and charitable. It is your wealth as long as you know how to use it as it should be used, and as long as you do not suffer it to be abused by yourself or by your children. If it be squandered or hoarded it will disappear." The words were barely uttered before the dwarf had vanished, and Samuel felt the empty suit of black clothes falling across his arm.

He seemed almost stupefied, and passing his hand over his eyes he began to ask himself: "Am I dreaming? Truly our life is but a dream, and we feel most happy when we dream. All this business is very strange. I wonder how it will all end?" He then sat down in order to think matters over. Innumerable plans arose in his mind; he resolved to do this and to do that with his money; above all, he made up his mind to engage at once competent teachers to instruct his children, whose education had hitherto been somewhat neglected by reason of his dire poverty. He also resolved to find a more comfortable dwelling appropriate to the position in life in which his wealth now placed him. He then arose and filled his purse and set out to distribute its contents among the poor folk in the streets. On his return home he

determined to assemble his family and tell them all about his newly acquired wealth and the plans he had formed.

After he had told them all that had befallen him, his mother turned to him and expressed her great surprise that he should have allowed himself to be trapped and misled by the Evil One. She said: "O my dear son, know that the dwarf is Satan, and all that he has given you is accursed. Go and give away all the money to the poor, and we will be quite content to live as hitherto. Were we not all quite happy, even though we were sometimes hungry? Does not our Holy Bible tell us to avoid witchcraft and magic? Is not all this miracle but a piece of magic? All that has befallen you, dear son, is the work of witchcraft. Do you not see that I am right? Speak, dear Samuel."

"Yes, dear mother," cried he in fear, "I have ever striven to honor you and to obey you. I shall not fail now in doing my duty. I see, of course, the serious mistake I have made in having traffic with Satan. I will not trust him again, and as for his wealth, I do not want it; let him take it away. And now I will do exactly as you have bidden me."

Samuel's wife and the two little sons were too astonished to say a word. They also began to fear that the Evil One had bewitched them. Meanwhile Samuel was betaking himself to his storeroom where the money was, and when he came there a fresh surprise awaited him. The box was quite empty—the money had vanished. He immediately ran back to his family and told them that a new miracle had taken place.

"I came," says he, " to the storeroom to take the money to the

poor, and lo! the gold had disappeared, the box is empty, and I cannot explain what it all means."

"Did I not tell you," exclaims his mother, "that the Evil One had tricked you? First of all he gives you silver, then he changes it into gold, and finally he takes it all away again."

"Look!" cried the children in terror. "Who is that strange little black man at the door?"

They all turned toward the door, and there stood the black dwarf, with a kind smile across his little face.

"Do not be afraid of me, good friends!" said he. "I am neither Satan nor a friend of the Evil One."

"Who are you, then?" said the old lady.

"I am one of God's little messengers," he replies, "sent by the Holy One, blessed be He, to reward the honest and industrious. Your beloved father, dear children, is a pious and charitable man. And you, good woman, his mother, do not for a moment believe that he would have traffic with the Evil One. 'Tis true I gave him great wealth, and 'tis true I have taken it away again because you had no faith in the power of God to hear the cry of those in need. I will at once restore all the money if you all agree to use it properly. Now do you agree?" And they all said "Yes."

He then called to the younger of the two sons and said to him: "Just sit on my knee whilst I bless you." The little boy came to him and sat on his knee. He kept quite still whilst the dwarf was blessing him. After a while he began to play with the long black beard of the dwarf, when all of a sudden it fell off.

"Oh, dear me! What have I done?" he cried.

"Never mind," said the dwarf, "a new one will soon grow again." Whilst they were all looking at the dwarf, lo! a new beard grew there and then.

"Keep my beard," said he, "as a memento. It will remind you of a good friend, and now I must be off; so farewell till we meet again." The dwarf vanished and they all gathered round Samuel, asking him to see if the money had been restored. They all went to the storeroom, and sure enough the box was full of golden coins.

The rich Samuel then took a large house, and his family came to live there as soon as it was ready for them. One room was set apart, as it was to be used as a Synagogue. On the walls the following inscriptions were to be read: "Be diligent, honest, and true"; "Remember the poor"; "Fear evil and love the good"; "Seek peace and pursue it"; "Love God and thy fellow-creature." Samuel put the beard of the dwarf in a small cabinet in an adjoining room, the key of this room being entrusted to his wife's care.

Samuel and his family gathered together in their Synagogue every morning and night to praise their Heavenly Father and to thank Him for His loving-kindness. They did not forget the dwarf's instructions. The poor were always received most kindly in their house. Every deserving case was dealt with in a sympathetic manner.

His wealth became the talk of the town. In time he received a summons from the king to come to his court. His genuine modesty and consideration for others endeared him to all who met him. The king counted him among his friends and fre-

quently consulted him. "Let me serve you, most gracious sire!" said Samuel to the king, "and also the country where I live, and you will make me the happiest of men." He was variously employed on different occasions, and his ability enabled him to discharge his difficult tasks with complete success. The more he gave away in charity, the richer he grew. He never accepted any remuneration for the services he so gladly rendered on behalf of his king and country. His disinterestedness marked him out among his fellow-citizens.

As the years went by the sons grew up. They did not by any means come up to the standard expected by their parents. In time the elder son, Mark, left home and went abroad. His father had given him a large fortune on his departure, but he had soon squandered every penny of it. He wrote home to his father asking for further help. Samuel sent him the same sum he had originally given him, and he wrote to warn him that he was not carrying out the agreement which the dwarf had stipulated. He added: "Money is to be used and not abused. Unless you mend your ways you will not prosper." Within a year this son met his death whilst engaged in wicked frivolity.

Dan, the other son, remained at home, but his conduct was so very unsatisfactory that his mother took it so much to heart with the result that she became seriously ill and ultimately died. Her death was followed by the passing away of the aged grandmother. Samuel now sent for his son and said to him: "Alas! my son, your evil conduct has brought your dear mother to her grave. I know that my days are also numbered. I shall soon be with her and you will be alone in the world. You will inherit

all my wealth. I bid you remember how it all came to me in one day; it may also depart in one day. You gamble, you have evil companions who follow you for the sake of gain. You despise the poor, and I grieve to think you forget God. Repent, my son, now whilst the opportunity presents itself. It may be too late tomorrow, since there is no man alive who knows when he may be called from this earth. I cannot help you if you will not help yourself. Now go, and see if you cannot change your conduct."

With these words ringing in his ears, the lad left his father's presence and at once betook himself to his evil companions. He told them of the interview which he had just had with his father. They persuaded him to think that all would eventually be well, since he was the only son and heir. They even reminded him that one day he would possess the immense fortune of his rich father. Within the next few weeks the father died.

With the death of Samuel, the glory and honor of his name passed away. The immense wealth, of which everybody was speaking, also seemed to vanish. Dan found life unbearable in his father's large house. He allowed it to be neglected, and the doors were shut. The poor knocked in vain and went away unanswered. Dan gambled day and night. He became more reckless than ever. Ill-fortune seemed to dog his footsteps. Failure and disappointment were marked across his path. "Might-have-been," said his father's friends, when they saw him pass.

The lucky star of Samuel had set, never to rise again. At last Dan resolved to actually risk all he possessed in a last mad gamble

to regain all his previous losses. He again lost and found himself penniless. Remorse began to touch his heart. He hurried home and threw himself upon his bed. He wept till he could weep no more. He then began to think of the many charitable deeds of his father. He also remembered the black dwarf. "To him will I make my last appeal," said he to himself; "he helped my father and he will surely not refuse to assist me."

He sprang off his bed and ran to the little Synagogue in the house. He had not been there for such a long time — it all seemed so strange. He began to pray for help, and promised to behave better in the future if his prayer were answered. In the stillness of the holy place he seemed to hear his mother's voice whispering in his hot ears: "Work, work." "Ah!" cried he, "am I to work and help myself? What's the use of praying?" He then felt a key being pressed into his closed hand. He took it and left the Synagogue. He thought that the key might fit a room where, unknown to him, a portion of his father's wealth might be stored. He tried to fit the key in the various locks in the different rooms, but it did not fit any lock. At last he found a door at the end of a passage. He tried the handle and found it locked. He then put the key, which he held in his hand, in the lock, and it fitted exactly.

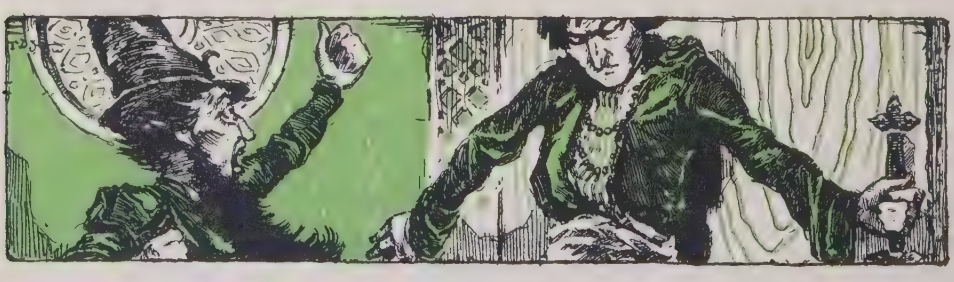
He unlocked the door and entered a large room. At one end there was a cabinet. His eyes gazed around looking for the piles of gold, but all in vain. On the wall facing the door he saw something gleaming, but when he came nearer he recognized the dwarf's face with the long black beard. He quickly turned round to escape the piercing look of his penetrating eyes, and he

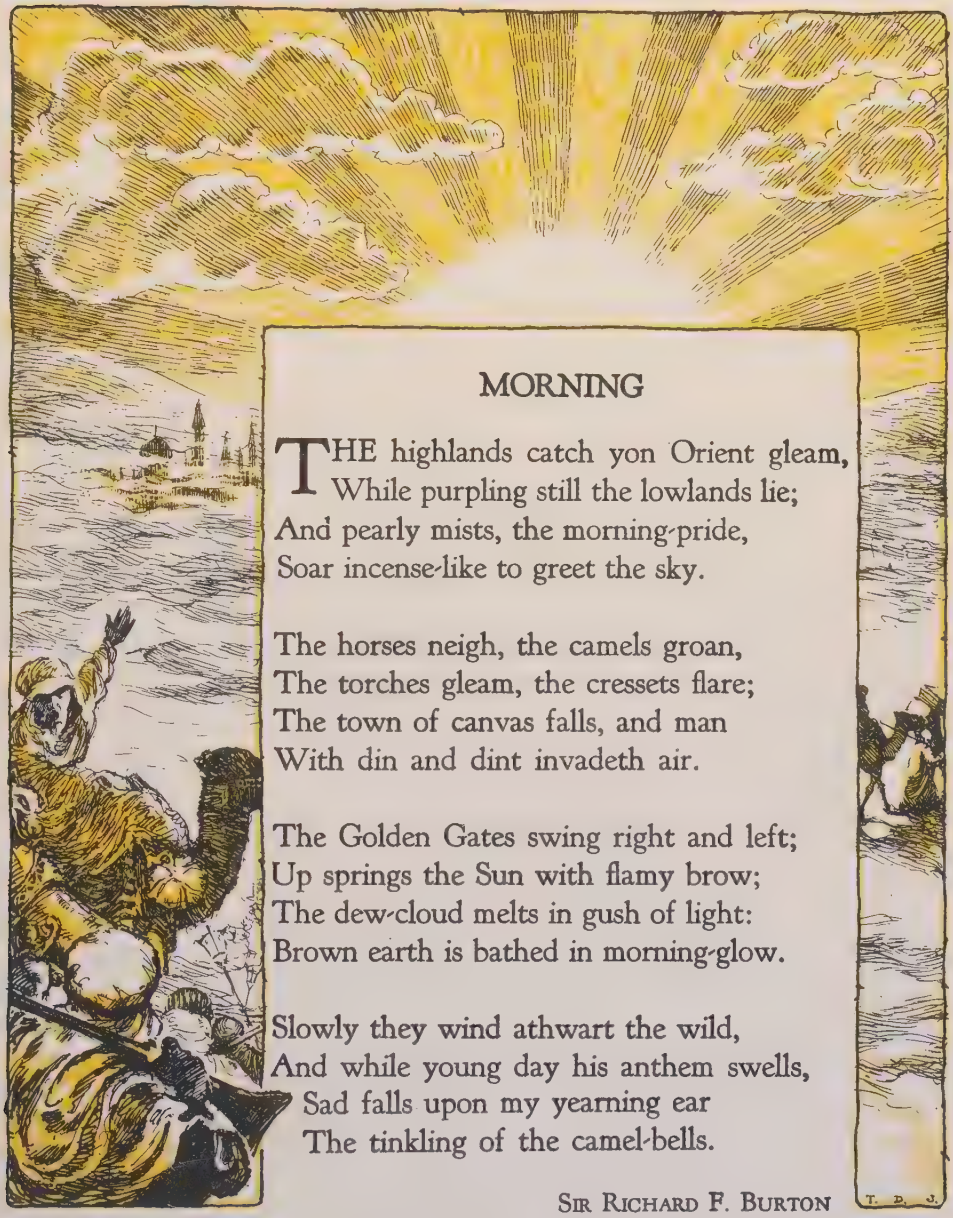
heard shrill laughter coming from the cabinet. He went nearer, and saw in it the black beard of the dwarf which he had pulled off when he was a little boy. He put his fingers in his ears to deaden the mocking laughter. He turned round again and saw on the wall opposite a fiery inscription which read: "Reap the reward of folly." The letters almost burnt his eyes.

"Away! Away!" he cried in terror, and he ran to the entrance. He found the door closed and locked.

"What is this," he shrieked, "here in my hand?" He looked and exclaimed: "It is half a crown. Well, this is lucky! I was just now penniless, and now I am like my wonderful father—with a lucky half crown to start my fortune."

"Not quite so quick, wicked spendthrift!" cried a little voice. "See, I am your dead father's old and true friend. You have squandered all his fortune which I lent him. I now come to you to demand the return of all the wealth I lent. This half crown which I just placed in your hand is to remind you that you do not even possess this very small amount. Reap the harvest you have sown." Without another word the dwarf—for he it was who was speaking—snatched away the half crown and vanished. Dan fell to the ground in a faint, and at that moment the house of Samuel shook and fell in.





MORNING

THE highlands catch yon Orient gleam,
While purpling still the lowlands lie;
And pearly mists, the morning-pride,
Soar incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels groan,
The torches gleam, the cressets flare;
The town of canvas falls, and man
With din and dint invadeth air.

The Golden Gates swing right and left;
Up springs the Sun with flamy brow;
The dew-cloud melts in gush of light:
Brown earth is bathed in morning-glow.

Slowly they wind athwart the wild,
And while young day his anthem swells,
Sad falls upon my yearning ear
The tinkling of the camel-bells.

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMAD AND THE FAIRY PERI BANU

From *The Arabian Nights*

IN DAYS of yore and times long gone before, there was a sultan of India who had three sons. The eldest was called Prince Husayn, the second, Prince Ali, and the youngest, Prince Ahmad. Moreover he had a niece, named Princess Nur al-Nihár[1], the daughter of his younger brother who, dying early, left his only child in her uncle's charge. The sultan busied himself with diligence about her instruction and took all care that she should be taught to read and write, sew and embroider, sing, and deftly touch all instruments of mirth and merriment. This princess also in beauty and loveliness, and in wit and wisdom, far excelled all the maidens of her own age and in every land. She was brought up with the princes, her cousins, in all joyance; and they ate together and played together.

The sultan had determined in his mind that when she reached marriageable age he would give her in wedlock to one of the neighboring royalties; but her uncle perceived that the three princes, his sons, were all deeply in love with her. Wherefore was the sultan sore troubled, thinking: "An I give the Lady Nur al-Nihár in wedlock to any one of her cousins, the other twain will be dissatisfied and murmur against my decision." Therefore, since he would not make them all unhappy

Abridged from *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Richard F. Burton. Printed in Benares, 1787.

[1]Light of the Day.

by wedding her to a stranger he determined to let the decision lie with the princes themselves.

Calling his three sons before him, he said, "Go ye and travel to distant countries, each one separating himself from the others; and do ye bring me back the thing most wondrous and marvelous of all the sights ye may see upon your way, and he who shall return with the rarest of curiosities shall be husband to the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Consent ye now to this proposal and all things shall be furnished according to your needs, for travel as well as for purchase of the rarity ye shall search after."

The three princes, who were ever submissive and obedient to their sire, consented with one voice to this proposal, each hoping to be the fortunate winner of the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Then the three princely brothers forthright made themselves ready for their journey, and took leave of their father. Early the following morning, well mounted and equipped, they rode forth from the palace. They traveled the same road until they reached a place where it branched off in three different directions. Here they alighted at a khan, or inn, and ate their evening meal. They determined that in the morning each should choose a different road for his adventure and that a year from that day they would meet at that selfsame place and proceed together to the palace of their father. Wherefore, the next morning, bidding each other farewell and success, each took his appointed way.

Prince Husayn, the eldest brother, who had heard recounted the wonders of the land of Bishangarh, and for a long while had wished to visit it, took the road which led thither. After three

months' travel he arrived at his destination. He lodged at a khan built specially for merchants who came from far lands, and there he learned that the city contained a large central market where men bought and sold all manner of rarities and wondrous things. Prince Husayn repaired to this bazaar and found the shops stocked with all kinds of merchandise. There were linens of finest tissue from India; silken goods and brocaded stuffs and finest satins from Persia and Egypt; in the China warehouses stood glass vessels of all kinds, while in other shops were displayed carpets and rugs of all descriptions. When he came to the shops of the goldsmiths, Prince Husayn was astonished at beholding such quantities of wrought gold and silver, and pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones for sale. Along the length of one street were ranged hosts of flower-sellers, and all the folk wore wreaths or garlands, or carried nosegays in their hands, so that the whole place seemed one huge garden, and the scented air was heavy with perfume.

Prince Husayn was presently tired, when one of the merchants, with kindly courtesy, invited him to be seated in his store. He had not been seated long before he saw a crier come that way, offering for sale a carpet some four yards square, and crying, "This is for sale; who giveth me its worth; to wit, thirty thousand gold pieces." The prince called to the crier and desired to see the carpet. When he had examined it well, said he, "A carpet such as this selleth for a few bits of silver. What

special virtue hath it that thou demand therefor the sum of thirty thousand gold coins?"

The crier made answer, "My lord, if thou thinkest I price this carpet at too high a value, know that I have orders to raise the price to forty thousand gold pieces ere I part with it. Know also that whoever sits upon this piece of carpeting and wishes himself in any other place, shall at once find himself transported thither."

"Truly," thought Prince Husayn, "no greater treasure could I find." And, turning to the crier he continued, "If indeed this carpet has the properties attributed to it, I shall not think the price too high."

"Sir," answered the crier, "an thou doubt my words, I pray thee put them to a test. Sit now upon this square of tapestry with me and at thy wish it shall transport us to that khan where thou dwellest."

Prince Husayn assenting, the man spread the carpet on the ground behind the shop and seated himself beside the prince

upon it, and then, at the mere wish of Prince Husayn the twain were at once transported into the prince's room at the khan. As he wanted no more convincing proof of the virtue of the carpet, the forty thousand coins were at once counted out as payment for the Flying Carpet, together with twenty thousand more as reward to the crier.

In this manner Prince Husayn became the possessor of the Flying Carpet, and was overjoyed that he had obtained so great a rarity, which he doubted not must win him the Princess Nur al-Nihár. Therefore he spent his days in seeing the fairs and festivals of Bishangarh, and when the time to join his brothers arrived, he spread his carpet, and bringing his steed and servants upon it also, wished himself at the khan where the three roads met. And there he awaited his brothers.

Prince Ali, the second brother, joined a caravan and journeyed towards Persia, or Iran-land, while Prince Ahmad wended his way to Samarkand. When the year was near its end the three brothers met as they had planned. Prince Husayn displayed his carpet; Prince Ahmad brought forth a Magical Apple, the mere scent of which could cure any illness, and Prince Ali showed an ivory tube through which might be seen anything the possessor desired to see, no matter how far distant it lay. But scarce had Prince Husayn looked through the Magical Tube than he cried aloud, for he had willed to see the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and had beheld her like to breathe her last. Aghast, the brothers seated themselves upon the Magical Carpet and were instantly conveyed to the apartment of the Princess, where they found themselves standing at her bedside.

Prince Ahmad at once put the fruit to her nostrils and in less than a second the cure was complete. She sat erect, as if waking from a refreshing sleep, and after greeting the princes, begged that they would retire, as she desired to dress.

The princes then fared forth to greet their father, the sultan, who was filled with satisfaction to see them again and to hear of the wonderful recovery of the princess, who was as dear to him as if she had been his daughter. Then the three brothers produced each one the wonderful thing he had brought: Prince Husayn the Flying Carpet; Prince Ali the Spying Tube, and Prince Ahmad the Magical Apple. The sultan, having heard all the princes had to say, realized how each gift had played a part in the recovery of the Princess, so said to them, "All three of your gifts had a like part and can claim equal merit in healing the Princess Nur al-Nihár; for it were impossible to have made her whole if any one of the three were wanting. Nor can I assign preference to any one of these gifts. My purpose was to marry the lady to him who should produce the rarest of rarities. Yet I cannot choose. So needs must I fix upon some other plan whereby I may adjudge one of you to be the winner."

Thereupon the sultan decided that each of the princes should procure him a bow and arrow, and he who should shoot the farthest, should win the princess. To this they agreed, and adjourned to a great plain where the contest was held. Prince Husayn shot first and his arrow traveled far indeed, yet the arrow of Prince Ali outdistanced him. But when Prince Ahmad drew bow, his arrow sped from sight, and though all searched diligently, it could in no wise be found. Though it was believed

he had shot the farthest, and therefore deserved the princess, as his arrow could not be found, the sultan decreed that Prince Ali had won the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and a few days later the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

Prince Husayn, unable to bear the sight of the princess being given to another, did not wait for the nuptials, but left the court, renouncing his right of succession. He took refuge with a famous dervish, and remained in agreeable solitude the remainder of his life.

Prince Ahmad, urged by a similar motive, went forth to search for his arrow. He went so far that at last he began to think his search in vain, when he came to some craggy rocks, and among them he found, to his astonishment, his arrow, laid flat upon a rock. Wondering by what mysterious means his arrow had traveled so far and how it might be lying flat and not sticking into the ground, he turned, to see before him a hollow. This he followed into a subterranean passage. After going some distance he came to an iron door, which opened at once to his touch, revealing a narrow staircase. With his arrow in his hand he walked down it and soon saw a light ahead, and presently entered a square where stood a beautiful palace. From the great door a lovely maiden, garbed in queenly robes, and decked with costliest jewels, walked with stately gait, whilst round her ranged her attendants like stars about a moon of the fourteenth night.

Seeing this vision of beauty, Prince Ahmad greeted her with the salaam, and she returned it, saying, "Welcome, Prince Ahmad! I am pleased to have sight of thee."

The sultan's son, marveling greatly to hear her name him by name, thanked her for her welcome, but begged to know how she knew who he was. "Prince," said the lady, "let us go into the hall, and there will I give answer to thine asking."

So they went thither, Prince Ahmad following to a great room with walls and roof of exquisite workmanship, adorned with gold and lapis lazuli and paintings whose like was nowhere to be found in the world. When they were seated the lady explained that she was Peri Bánú[1] and that she it was who had sold Prince Husayn the Flying Carpet at Bishangarh, Prince Ali the tube at Shiraz, and to himself the Magical Apple at Samarkand. She also explained that when the princes shot their arrows, she it was who, seeing that his arrow would not out-

[1]Peri is a beautiful female spirit or fairy; Bánú is a lady of high degree.

fly that of Prince Husayn, had caused it to fly among the rocks at the entrance to her father's domain and there lie flat near the iron door. The lady also told of her father, a powerful djinn, adding, "I have full sanction of my parents to marry as I list, and beseech thee, therefore, to accept me as thy wife."

So charmed was the prince with the fairness of the lady and so captivated by her dignity and graciousness of manner, that he clean forgot his love for his cousin, the Princess Nur al-Nihár, and made answer, "O my lady, O fairest of the fair, naught else do I desire save that I may serve thee all my life long." The prince bowed to kiss the hem of her garment, but she prevented him, and gave him her hand, which he kissed. Then they plighted their troth, which stood for the marriage contract in that land.

So they lived happily for many moons, yet after a time the prince's memory awoke and he found himself longing to look again upon his father. Finally one day quoth he to Peri Bánú, "An it be thy pleasure, I pray thee give me command that I may leave thee a few days to see my sire." Though she feared that some sorrow might come from this visit, seeing that the prince grieved for a sight of his father, the Peri Bánú gave her consent and also supplied him with a retinue.

The sultan meantime had searched diligently for his missing son, and when other means failed, the grand vizier fetched a sorceress and desired her to use all her arts to find out where the Prince Ahmad was, but all she could learn was that he was alive and well. This was of some comfort to the sultan. Then, just before noon one day there was a great commotion at the

gates and in rode Prince Ahmad with his horsemen. The sultan rejoiced greatly at the sight and embraced his son with great tenderness. Peri Bánú had begged that Prince Ahmad should not reveal his marriage to the sultan, so the prince told only how he had found his arrow near the rocks and near by had found suitable shelter. After three days the prince bade farewell to his father and returned with his retinue whence he had come.

Each month for several months the prince visited his father for a few days, each time appearing with a richer and more splendid retinue, until the sultan lent ear unto his jealous favorites who whispered that Prince Ahmad had set himself up in a rival kingdom and was planning to conquer his father's domain. At last the sultan sent for the sorceress and bade her find out the mystery of Prince Ahmad. She followed Ahmad and his train when they left the court as far as the bleak rocks, but there they vanished.

Now when the moon had waxed and waned, on the day before the prince would leave home upon his monthly visit, the sorceress betook her to the rocks and when he rode forth she crouched low upon the ground, feigning illness. There Prince Ahmad found her and, being a most compassionate prince, he carried her back to Peri Bánú, begging that she give care and shelter to the aged woman.

At once Peri Bánú saw that the woman was pretending. Nevertheless she had the woman cared for, saying, "O my lord, I am pleased to see thy pitiful kindness towards this ancient dame but she practiceth deceit upon thee and I ween some enemy hath plotted against me and thee. Howbeit, go now in peace upon

thy journey." Whereupon the prince again took leave of Peri Bánú, and rode forth to visit his father.

No sooner was the prince gone than the old woman rose up from the bed on which she had been laid and declared herself so much better that now she could depart.

Hastening back to the palace, she told the sultan such tales that he was led to believe that his son and the fairy were plotting to take from him his throne. The sorceress counseled the sultan to ask from his son some gift that only a fairy might grant and thus prove her tale true.

Wherefore, when Prince Ahmad craved audience with his father upon the following day, the sultan revealed to him that the prince's marriage was known to him and added, "This day will I make a trial of thy interest by asking thee to obtain for me from the fairy, thy wife, a pavilion that closed might be carried in a man's hand, and which when opened would extend over my whole army."

Albeit the prince was astounded by such a request from his father, and sore troubled thereby, since he had at all times refrained from asking gifts from Peri Bánú, yet he freely confessed his marriage and told why it had been kept secret, adding, "I will ask my wife according to thy demand, yet cannot promise aught." Therewith he took his departure.

When he had come again to the palace of Peri Bánú, straightway she saw that something was amiss, and questioned him until

he confessed the request of the sultan. "I will speedily set thy mind at rest," answered the fairy, and at once sent one of her handmaidens to the treasurer to ask for such a pavilion as the sultan desired. The handmaiden fared forth and straightway returned with a small roll that she placed in Prince Ahmad's hand. Scarce had he thought that the fairy was making mock of him when she commanded her servants to set up the tent upon the plain, and when they had done this, so immense was it that it might cover an army nigh twice the size of that of the sultan. Then the servants again folded it into the tiny roll.

Prince Ahmad at once set forth for the court with the pavilion, which he presented to the sultan, his father, who could not conceal his amazement at the wonder of it. Yet so did this gift arouse his jealousy, that he consulted the sorceress again, and she told him to ask for water from the fountain of lions.

Wherefore, the following morning he summoned his son and made request for a bottle of water from the fountain of lions, which cured all manner of illness. Sadly the prince betook himself again to Peri Bánú and told of the new demand made by the sultan, and she straightway made answer, "Methinks the sultan, thy sire, would put both me and thee to the test by requiring such boons as those suggested to him by the sorceress. Yet an thou do as I say, little danger lies in this adventure. In the hall of yonder castle which riseth on that mountain is a fountain sentineled by four lions, fierce and ravening; and they watch the path that leadeth thereto, a pair standing on guard whilst the other two take their turn to rest, and thus no living thing hath power to pass by them. Yet will I aid thee that thou mayst gain thy goal."

Then the fairy gave him a ball of thread that would roll ahead and show him the way, and also a sheep cut into four quarters. She told him that when he had come to the gates, the two lions that were on guard would roar and rouse the other two, but he must throw to each one a quarter of the sheep and then quickly step forward, fill his phial, and make his escape.

All this he did, and when he had gone from the fountain but a little distance he looked back and saw the lions coming after him. When he made to draw his sword, they retired a little way and nodded their heads and wagged their tails as if to assure the prince he might ride on safely, and so two leaped ahead and led the way, and the second twain followed at a distance until he was within sight of the palace gates, when they turned and went back whence they had come.

Prince Ahmad bore the phial to the sultan, his father, but although the latter was pleased with the gift, yet did he fear the power of his son, and so called the sorceress secretly to him and sought her counsel. Wherefore, in the morning he again summoned his son and said, "My son, wonderful indeed are the gifts thou hast given me. Yet would I make one last request. I have a desire to see a man of size and stature no more than three feet high, with beard full twenty ells in length, who beareth on his shoulder a quarter staff of steel, thirteen score pounds in weight, which he wieldeth with ease and swingeth around his head even as it were a cudgel of wood."

Thereupon the prince took his leave and returned to the palace where he greeted Peri Bánú, who at once knew by his dejected manner that the sultan had again made demand upon him for some singular gift. When at last she prevailed upon the prince to tell of his father's demand, he repeated his father's words, adding, "I cannot imagine where there is such a man in the world, and if there be one, how I can prevail upon him to accompany me to the court of the sultan, my sire."

"Nay," answered Peri Bánú, "that need trouble thee no longer. Know that such a man is my brother Shabbar, and that when I summon him, he will gladly do as I ask him." Whereupon the fairy ordered a gold chafing dish to be set with a fire in it and upon this she poured a rare incense so that there arose a thick cloud of smoke. In a few moments there appeared a little man, no more than three feet high, with beard full twenty ells in length, mustaches curling up about his ears, eyes like live coals, while on his shoulders he bore the heavy bar of iron.

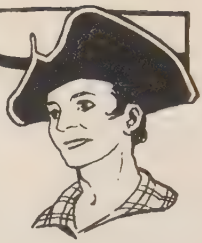
Had not the fairy prepared him for her brother's appearance, Prince Ahmad had been frightened, so terrible seemed the little man, yet right friendly was he when his sister, having welcomed him, said, "This mortal that sitteth by my side is my husband." She then explained what the sultan had desired of his son and at once Shabbar agreed to go with the prince to the court of the sultan.

When they entered the city, people fled right and left at sight of Shabbar so that they two entered the palace without hindrance, even the guards fleeing as for their lives. They proceeded at once to the throne room, where Shabbar marched fiercely up to the sultan, without waiting to be presented, saying, "O sultan, thou hast expressed a wish to see me, and lo, I am here. Say what thou wouldst have me do!"

The sultan, instead of answering, held up his hands before his face, that he might not behold that frightful figure, and turning his head, would have fled. Filled with anger at this rudeness of the sultan after having come so far at his desire, Shabbar raised his staff of steel and smote him but one blow, ere Prince Ahmad could interfere. The sultan lay where he fell and the prince had but time to intercede for the vizier who had always been his friend, and had given the sultan good advice. "These others, then, must have given him bad advice," replied Shabbar, and he smote all the flatterers and favorites of the sultan, who, rendered motionless by fear, failed to escape. He then demanded of the vizier the sorceress, and when she was brought, her also did he smite with his bar, so that none were left but those who wished Prince Ahmad well.

Then said he, "All the city will I treat as I have these who lie before me, unless they at once proclaim my brother-in-law, Prince Ahmad, as sultan of all this land." All the people swore fealty to Prince Ahmad, whom they truly loved, and he was proclaimed Sultan of India. Shabbar then had his sister brought to the court with great pomp.

To his brother Ali and his wife, Princess Nur al-Nihár, the new sultan assigned a large province to rule over and would have done the same for Prince Husayn, had not the latter expressed preference for his hermit life. But Prince Ahmad and Peri Bánú, with Shabbar as their guardian, lived long and happily as rulers of all the Indies.



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE; OR, THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Adapted by C. H. Lawrence

AROUND their campfire, in a secluded nook on the Cornish coast, loafed as unsavory a pirate crew as ever scuttled a ship. But each ruffian, for all his blustering swagger, wore his too-black beard and heavy scowl with a strange air of trying to conceal eyes that could be kindly and a mouth that longed to smile.

Suddenly their snatches of song and rough laughter were interrupted by a huge rascal, heavier of beard and scowl than the rest, who strode up to a handsome, beardless young pirate. Clapping the youth on the shoulder the Pirate King, for it was indeed he, boomed, "Congratulations, Frederic! From today you rank as a full-blown member of our band."

"I thank you for your kind wishes," said Frederic sadly. Then he added firmly, "But today I leave you forever. As a child I was apprenticed to you through an error and all these years I have been honor bound to you. Today I am of age, and at twelve o'clock I am free to go."

"Error? What error?" cried a pirate, as the King fell back, aghast.

"That I cannot tell," answered Frederic, with a noble gesture of resignation, "for it would reflect on Ruth."

From the Operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Scarcely had he spoken when a figure whose skirts alone proclaimed her a woman, pushed its way into the group. It was Ruth, the pirates' maid of all work.

"If he will not tell, I will," Ruth cried. "As Frederic's nurse maid, I was commissioned by the child's father to apprentice him to a pilot when he was eight, but being slightly deaf I misunderstood and apprenticed him to a pirate instead. In atonement, I followed him and joined the pirate band to watch over my charge. Oh, Frederic," she wept, "can you forgive your Ruth?"

Her sobs touched Frederic's heart and he freely forgave her, but added that while he loved the pirates one and all, their calling disgusted him, and as at that hour his obligation ceased, he would leave them.

"But once I leave you," he warned them, "I will feel in duty bound to devote myself to your extermination."

The pirates wept at losing him, but they agreed that Frederic must follow the dictates of his conscience. "There is but little temptation to remain with us," a pirate said gloomily. "I don't know why, but we do not seem to make piracy pay."

This was all too true. As pirates they were dismal failures. Since his hour of quitting the band had not yet arrived, Frederic felt it his duty to explain to them that the trouble was their tender-hearted way of treating captives. Besides, they made it a practice never to capture an orphan, because, being orphans themselves, they sympathized with that sad state. As a result, everyone they captured claimed to be an orphan, and thus they never held anyone captive or had any booty.

"Why, the last three ships we caught," Frederic reminded them, "were manned entirely by orphans, and we had to let 'em go."

Hardly a credit to the trade of Morgan and Teach were these simple, trusting hearts that masqueraded in wild dress and black looks. But when Frederic pleaded with them to give up piracy and join him in a decent occupation, the King, who never tired of playing the pirate, sang,

It is, it is, a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.

And he led his men away, singing.

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly.

Scarcely had the pirate band departed when girlish laughter was heard in the distance. Interested and curious, Frederic climbed upon a high rock and was astounded to see a bevy of beautiful maidens approaching. As he had seen no woman except Ruth since he was eight years old, to him even the plainest was lovely!

He turned to Ruth who had lingered near and cried scornfully "Oh, false one! you have deceived me——

> You told me you were fair as gold
> And now I see you're plain and old.

In his disillusionment Frederic bade her begone. Then not wishing to be seen in his pirate's clothing by the approaching girls he hid in the nearby pirate cave. But to Frederic's consternation when the young girls reached the beach they began to take off their shoes and stockings. This was too much for the modest chap. Blushing furiously he rushed upon them, crying, "Stop, ladies, I pray!"

With horrified shrieks the girls hid their bare feet and then demanded to know who he was.

"I am a pirate," stammered Frederic, ashamed and still blushing.

The frightened girls drew away from him, but Frederic begged them not to shun him, assuring them that he had renounced his vile profession. He then asked their assistance, but at first not one of them would take pity on him. Finally the youngest and daintiest of all, golden-haired Mabel, stepped shyly up to him and, turning on her sisters, stamped her little foot.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name, for shame!
It's true that he has gone astray, but, pray,
Is that a reason good and true why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?

Mabel drew Frederic towards the rocky cliff and there they sat and talked. The youth straightway lost his heart to the beautiful and sympathetic maiden and neither of them paid any attention to the chiding of her sisters. Suddenly Frederic sprang to his feet in alarm, for he remembered it was time for the pirates to return. Too late! Even as the frightened girls turned to flee, each found herself seized by a grinning pirate. With loud laughter the pirates sang:

Now here's a first-rate opportunity
To get married with impunity.

With that they started to carry the girls away, and strangely enough the maidens did not struggle nearly as hard as one might have expected.

But even as they gained the edge of their pirate lair, Mabel rushed upon the Pirate King and cried, "Hold, monsters! Ere you proceed against our will to wed us all, bear in mind that our father is a Major General!"

The startled pirates paused, and in that moment they saw approaching a splendid figure in a bright uniform and gold lace, who strode with majestic tread into their midst.

"Yes, yes, I am a Major General!" he announced with dignity. Taking advantage of their momentary awe he proceeded to tell them of his extensive educational qualifications and that:

In matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major General!

Imagine his distress when he realized that the fierce-eyed men before him were the famous Pirates of Penzance, and that they proposed to marry his daughters with or without his consent. Hastily recalling the pirates' peculiar weakness, the Major General put on a sorrowful air and explained that he was an orphan.

This announcement was received with howls of disgust by the pirates, but their sympathy for the poor orphan prevailed in the end. So the King in a most kindly manner proclaimed:

You may go, for you're at liberty;
Our private rules protect you:
An honorary member of our band
We do elect you.

Then Major General Stanley was permitted to leave with his daughters and with them went Frederic. As the ex-pirate looked back he saw the King surrounded by his crew on a high rock, bravely waving the Black Flag.

Major General Stanley took Frederic with him to his home and accepted him as a future son-in-law. But the Major General was sad. His conscience troubled him. He had deceived the pirates. He was *not* an orphan! In vain he humbled himself before the tombs in the ruined chapel adjoining his castle, trying to find peace of mind.

His daughters attempted to comfort him, and Frederic did his best to point out that since the General had but lately bought Tremorden Castle, the occupants of those tombs were not his

ancestors at all. Nevertheless the General contended that they were his "ancestors by purchase," and as such must suffer to think he had deceived the pirates so shamefully.

Frederic, in the meantime, had planned to lead a troop of policemen against the pirates. So when other means of distracting the Major General failed, Frederic sent for his troop, and their marching feet and brave display aroused the Major General from his sorrow. They were a gallant and courageous looking company as they lined up for the Major General's blessing. Unfortunately, Mabel mentioned some of the dangers that beset their path. Sadly they said:

> Such expressions don't appear
> Calculated men to cheer
> Who are going to meet their fate
> In a highly nervous state.

In fact, it took great encouragement to persuade them to go on their mission. But they marched away at last and the Major General and his daughters entered their castle. Frederic was preparing to follow the policemen, when a voice called softly to him from the darkness.

"Who calls?" he demanded.

"Your late commander," came the guarded reply; and before Frederic realized what had happened the Pirate King and Ruth sprang forward, each clapping a pistol to his head. There was nothing to do but listen quietly while they explained what had brought them to him. And a most wonderful tale they unfolded to the startled Frederic.

It seemed that after Frederic had quit them they lay and sobbed upon the rocks for very sorrow. Then one of the pirates had discovered that according to his indenture or contract Frederic was bound to them until his twenty-first birthday. Interpreting that statement literally, the King explained to Frederic that he was "only five and a little bit over."

At first Frederic was impatient of such nonsensical talk but the Pirate King soon persuaded him that counted by birthdays he was only a little boy of five, because his birthday came but once in four years, as it fell on the twenty-ninth of February. To prove this point Frederic's indenture papers were produced and even he had to join in their uproarious laughter at the idea that despite the fact that he was a man grown, he was, by birthdays, but five and a quarter. However, when he realized that he had been apprenticed until his twenty-first *birthday* he quickly sobered. As a matter of duty he would again have to become a member of the pirate band instead of leading an expedition against it!

Poor Frederic! Much as he abhorred their calling, his duty lay clear. More, he felt constrained to tell the King of Major General Stanley's falsehood in claiming to be an orphan.

"What," cried the King, "to save his contemptible life he dared play on our credulous simplicity? Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will gather our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night!" And off he dashed into the night, followed by Ruth.

Left behind, Frederic sank hopelessly on a stone, wondering what to do. He looked up to see Mabel standing before him.

"My Frederic in tears!" she exclaimed, wondering. "It cannot be his lion heart quails at the coming conflict."

"No, Mabel, no," Frederic replied. "A terrible disclosure has just been made. I——" words almost failed him—"I was born in leap year!" And he explained to the mystified Mabel the whole horrid truth of his being bound to the pirates until his twenty-first birthday.

In vain she pleaded with him to forget duty and honor and remain with her—but Frederic fled after the Pirate King in order to escape temptation.

Mabel instantly realized the danger her father and sisters were in, so she hurriedly summoned the Sergeant of Police and explained matters to him. This new complication perplexed him greatly. Sadly he shook his head as he said, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one." He was preparing to do his duty when a sound warned him of the approach of the pirate crew. Silently the policemen went into hiding.

Cautious steps were heard and shadowy forms came creeping through the ruins of the chapel. Led by Frederic, Ruth, and the King, the pirate band approached, singing softly as they came:

> With cat-like tread, upon our foe we steal;
> In silence dread our cautious way we feel!
> No sound at all, we never speak a word;
> A fly's footfall would be distinctly heard!

All around the unsuspecting pirates lay the police, awaiting the command to attack. A light flickered in the entrance to

the castle and the pirates fled to cover. All unaware of the hidden pirates and policemen the sleepless, unhappy Major General came out into the still night to wrestle with his guilty conscience. He had told a lie. There was no getting away from it. A few moments later the Major General's lovely daughters came in search of their father, lighting their way with tapers that scarce pierced the darkness.

Instantly the Pirate King sprang up and ordered his men to seize the Major General. The pirates dashed forward at the instant the Sergeant of Police led his men to the attack. Then ensued a wild battle. The policemen fought bravely but they were forced to give ground before the savage onslaught of the pirates. One after another they were brought to the ground. When all were overcome the pirates stood over the policemen with drawn swords. But the Sergeant proved himself a man of spirit and resource. As he lay beneath Ruth's broad foot, while she waved her sword victoriously above him, he shouted boldly:

> To gain a brief advantage you've contrived;
> But your proud triumph will not be long-lived.

"Don't say you're orphans," interrupted the Pirate King. "We know that game!"

But the vanquished foe had a stronger claim. The Sergeant boldly demanded that they yield in the name of the ruler of England, Queen Victoria. This put a different face on the situation! What man, even a pirate, could have his loyalty doubted? With one accord they allowed the police to rise and to a man

they knelt before them as the Pirate King proclaimed humbly:

> We yield at once with humbled mien,
> Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

The policemen seemed satisfied with this humble surrender, but the Major General, enraged by the scare the pirates had given him, demanded that they all be haled off to prison. Then Ruth stepped forward.

"Stop!" said she, sternly. "These men are members of no common throng. They are all noblemen, belonging to the House of Lords, peers of the realm, who have gone wrong."

Major General Stanley was deeply touched. "In that case," he declared, "they are all pardoned," and at once declaimed:

> I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
> Peers will be Peers, and youth will have its fling!
> Resume your rank and legislative duties,
> And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties!

At once the ex-pirates rushed to claim the maidens they had once tried to steal, nor did the maidens seem loth to accept them. So Frederic, the slave of duty, forsook piracy for good and claimed Mabel as his bride.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

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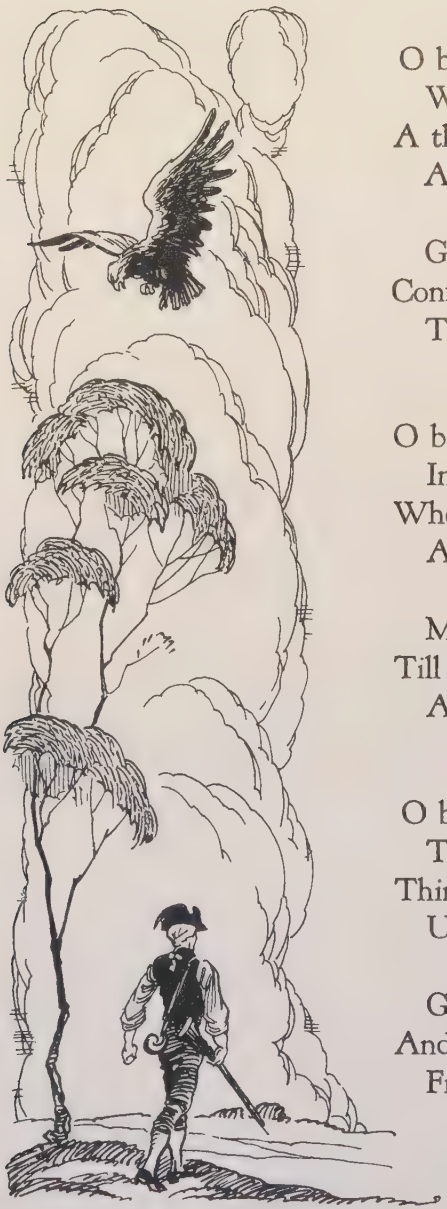


O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE CRAB FAMILY

ILSIEN NATHALIE GAYLORD

OF ALL the big ocean's smaller children, the crabs behave the very worst. They are fierce little fighters, always ready for a battle with anyone. At least most of them are. They are "smart as whips." Such tricks as they play on the other poor little sea-folk!

You will find little hermit fellows on almost any beach. Up in Alaska, over in Maine, in sunny Florida waters, on English beaches, in the tropics, and even deep down in the ocean the hermit crabs find a home.

Of one thing about these hermits you may be sure. Wherever they choose to live, all the other little sea-folk there will just have to stand back and let them do exactly as they please. A hermit crab always insists on that. If any little sea fellow objects, then he must stand up and fight about it. Usually he ends down in the hermit's stomach.

You must surely look for one of these peppery little gentlemen the next time you are on the beach. He will probably be bumping and tumbling along the sand in the shallow water, peering into this shell and that. Of course he is out house hunting as usual. A hermit crab spends much of his time looking for different houses to live in. He has no stout shell of his own to cover his soft body, and so he has to steal someone else's house. He well knows that all sorts of big sea-folk would pounce on him if he were not all covered up by a shelly coat.

From *Little Sea-Folk*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

So up and down the beach he goes, or across the rock-pool floor, peeping into all sorts of shells. There is a report about him that he doesn't care whether they are "for rent" or not. If he finds one he likes, and some little shell person is living in it, out he jerks the little fellow and eats him up.

Even worse things than that he does, so people say. Sometimes he finds a shell with another little hermit crab in it. Then there is trouble, big trouble. They fight and tug and pull until one or the other is beaten. If the little robber hermit is the victor, he pops himself out of his old shell and into the one he has just stolen. Perhaps, after all that fighting and trouble, he is not very comfortable there. Then off he goes to find another house which fits better.

A hermit crab starts his house hunting when he is just a tiny fellow. How proud and happy he is with his first home. Usually it is an old whelk or periwinkle shell. That does quite well for a while. But by and by the little hermit isn't happy any more. His house has begun to pinch. That is because he has grown bigger.

More and more it pinches until something must be done about it. Then off he goes to find a larger home. Of course the hermit keeps on growing and so again and again he has to change into larger houses. At last it is almost a habit with him to hunt for new shell homes and move into them.

A hard time the little hermits have with the big sea-folk. The large fishes are always gobbling them down, shell and all. Even their very own cousins, the big crabs, keep a sharp watch for any little hermit they can find. This danger everywhere about them has made the poor hermit crabs use all sorts of schemes to protect themselves.

One little fellow lets a bright red sponge grow all over his shell. He well knows how safe that makes him, for live sponges taste very badly indeed. Fishes cannot bear even the smell of them. So of course they will not touch a hermit crab who is all covered with one. Fortunately the little hermit does not dislike the smell of his bright sponge.

Another clever little hermit lets a sea anemone ride on his shell. The anemone has stinging threads in its body, and it throws them out at whatever comes near. The threads paralyze the very small sea-folk, and sting the mouths of fishes. Of course the fishes do not like that at all. So they let any little

hermit well alone who carries a sea anemone around with him.

In another way the anemone helps too. As it grows larger and larger, it finally covers the hermit's shell all up. After a while it absorbs it. Then the little hermit is surely happy, for he can stretch and grow all he wishes, in the soft body of the anemone. That means that he will never need to go house hunting again.

Some of the little hermits have bright red bodies, and others are pale and shiny. One little fellow has black tiptoes. Usually you will see the hermit's feet and part of his body sticking out of his shell. That will be when he is walking or eating. But when danger is near, he pops away back into his shell house and shuts the door.

What do you suppose he uses for a door? He uses one of his feet. It grows very large and hard and thick, and just fits into the opening. Not many enemies can get past that great claw-door.

There are some southern hermit crabs who are dreadful thieves. People call them robber crabs. That is because they are always stealing cocoanuts. Right up the trees they crawl, and with their sharp claws pick open the cocoanuts and eat them. These hermits are big fellows, two feet long. They have burrows at the foot of the trees, and they live in the ocean only part of the time.

But the hermit crabs are not the only curious ones in the family. On English beaches in the wet sand lives the funny masked crab. He has a shell of his own which grows on his back and covers it. And in his shell are wrinkles which make it look like a funny face, or a mask. No two faces are alike.

Some are solemn and some are smiling. Others are cross and ugly. Really it seems as if the whole family had dressed up in comic masks for a frolic. Everyone who sees these funny faces has to laugh at them, for they are so ridiculous.

Then down in Florida lives another queer little crab—"the 'fraid one," children call him. Poor little fellow! He just had no peace at all, until one day he happened to think of something. He would hide under an empty shell. Then the big sea-folk—wicked creatures!—could not find him and eat him up. And so, ever since, the little 'fraid one has held an empty shell over his back, like a big umbrella. To do it he has to grab it fast with two of his legs. Just think of always having to hold two legs up over one's head. But the little crab had much rather do that than go without his safe umbrella. Of course the big sea creatures do not care about empty shells, and they never guess that a fat little morsel of a fellow is hiding under this one.

Another timid little crab thought of a different place to hide. It slipped into a shell where an oyster was living. The oyster really has two shells, one on each side of his body. But they are hinged together, and they open like a money purse when the oyster wants to eat. If danger comes near, he snaps his two-sided shell fast together. The little crab who hides in the oyster shell is a wee thing. It measures only about an inch. The oyster is ever so much larger, really almost like a giant beside the little crab. Of course that makes the wee crab feel very safe; and the oyster seems to like having a little lodger live with him.

Most crabs have a stout shell covered with spines and knobs. But this little crab has smoothed away all his prickles, so as not

to hurt the oyster's soft body. It has made its shell very thin, too, for of course it does not need a stout one of its own any more. The thick oyster shell protects it far better than its own ever did.

A dainty pink-and-white little lady is this oyster crab. Usually it is only the lady crabs who slip into the oyster shells to live. The gentlemen oyster crabs prefer to stay outside, where they can swim around as they wish. They are even smaller than their little crab wives, and they dress in a suit of brown. Perhaps now and then you have seen one of these wee pink-and-white lady crabs in your oyster stew at the table.

There are other tiny crabs, too, who "room" with the big sea-folks. Some of the little "pea" crabs live in the shells of the sea urchins. Others take lodging with the hermit crabs in their stolen shell houses. But most of the crabs depend on their own shells to protect them. Usually the color and shape of a crab's shell is like the rock and sand and seaweed around it.

Imagine this prickly fellow among the rocks or coral. As long as he keeps still, he looks just like a piece of the coral. On the Florida rocks, and even farther north, is where he lives.

Another queer crab person lives on the sand in the water. When he wants to sleep he folds his legs close to his body. Then he looks exactly like a small round stone. He is called the box crab, and he can be found from the Middle States down to Florida. On the Pacific coast from Washington to Mexico live other kinds of boxlike crabs. Some of them are great fellows nearly a foot broad. Although they look like big stones or rough shells, they are not any better hidden than the kelp crab.

He is a tiny fellow, only about two inches square. His color is yellow-green, and it just matches the seaweed where he lives. You will find him all along the California coast, in the seaweed on the rocks. He isn't a 'fraid little crab at all, for he knows what sharp eyes it takes to spy him there in the kelp.

Little squatty toad crabs too live in shallow water on both the northern Pacific and Atlantic coasts. They belong to the family of "spider" crabs, as people call them. They do make you think of spiders, with their long legs and small fat bodies. Except for the hermits, these funny spider crabs are the smartest ones in all the family. They are lazy folk, always sitting around in some corner and taking a nap. However, long ago they found that was a dangerous thing to do. The fishes think that nothing tastes as good as a little spider crab. Of course the crabs

couldn't stand that. So they had to think of some trick to deceive the fishes.

The trick is to dress all up in seaweed and sponges and anemones. Then the fishes never suspect that a fat little spider crab is anywhere around. To dress up like that is hard work. First the little crab tears off a bit of seaweed. Then he holds it in his mouth for awhile. That is to make it gluey, so it will stick on his back. Often the seaweed does not stay the first time the crab holds it against him. Then he has to chew it again. Perhaps several times he has to try patiently to make it stick. Finally it is fastened on. Then he begins with a new piece, and so on and on, until at last he is all covered up.

They are clever little fellows, these spider crabs. There is no deceiving them. People have changed them from one place to another to see what they would do. One was put where no seaweed was growing. Only sponges were there.

It did not take the little crab long to notice that no seaweed grew anywhere near. So he hurried fast to pull off all of his own seaweed and throw it away. Then he patiently set to work to cover himself with the sponges. Another little fellow changed his green seaweed for red. He did that because he was put where only red seaweed grew.

Down in the warm ocean where the coral grows, lives another little crab. He too knows very well indeed how to take care of himself. In each front claw he holds a stinging anemone. If you should go too near him, he would wave the anemones at you.

That is what he does when an enemy starts toward him.

As you know, most of the ocean folk are very careful about swimming too close to an anemone's stinging threads. Sharply the little crab eyes whatever comes near him, ready for any signs of danger. A regular ocean cowboy he is, with a weapon in each hand.

He makes a gay picture, this little fighter crab there on his coral. Around his legs are bands of purple, and his body is yellow and pale rose. The anemones are green and the coral is pink. Perhaps sometimes he is mistaken for a bright anemone or a part of the coral. That would help to protect him, for of course the big sea people cannot eat such things.

Indeed that is probably why the little crab wears just those colors, for Nature never wastes color. There is always a good reason for its being wherever it is, on the flowers, birds, animals, shells, and on all these little sea-folk. In some way it helps either to hide them from their enemies or else it warns their enemies to let them alone.

. . . . . .

The "blue" crab lives on the Atlantic coast, where it is muddy. His body is green, his spines red-tipped, and his feet are blue. He is the soft-shelled crab which we like to eat.

A big red-brown crab with yellow legs lives on our western coast. He is at least four or five inches long, and seven inches across. People like to eat him too. All the way from Alaska to Mexico live the little shore crabs. One is purple and the other is yellow. Only about an inch wide are these little fellows, and there are hundreds of them. You cannot miss finding them.

But loveliest of all the family is the orchid crab. It has a

purple back, edged with rose. Its body and legs are yellow, its claws rose-red. You will find it in the warm south, in southern Florida and the West Indies. Very often these showy crabs live somewhat back from the water, in burrows at the roots of trees. There their rosy claws look like bright petals dropped from some flower.

Perhaps some of you have already seen the fiddler crabs. They are such queer fellows. One claw is very large, and they are always waving it around. The other little claw generally goes too, like a fiddle and its bow. That is why people call them the fiddler crabs.

Farther and farther away from the ocean these crabs are learning to live. To do it they have followed back up the rivers which empty into the sea. Now some of them can get along nicely with water that is almost all fresh. They have to press back up the waterways to find a place to live, for there are hundreds upon hundreds of these little fiddler crabs on the Atlantic beaches.

. . . . . .

Little dwarfs and great giants too there are in the crab family. The wee dwarfs are hairy little fellows, just about a quarter of an inch wide. They dress in striped red suits with white dots. Only where the water is warm can they live, from the Middle Atlantic States down to Florida.

THE SPARROW-KING'S REWARDS

Korean Folk Tale

IN THE province of Chullado, in Southern Korea, lived two brothers. One was very rich, the other very poor. For in dividing the inheritance, the elder brother, instead of taking the father's place and providing for the younger children, kept the whole property to himself, allowing his younger brother nothing at all, and reducing him to a condition of abject misery. Both men were married; but Nahl Bo, the elder, had no children, while Hyung Bo had several children. The elder brother lived in a fine, large compound, with warm, comfortable houses; the younger had built himself a hut of broom straw, the thatch of which was so poor that when it rained the folk within were deluged. The room was so small, too, that when Hyung Bo stretched out his legs in his sleep his feet were apt to be thrust through the wall.

They had no money for the comforts of life, and were glad when a stroke of good fortune enabled them to obtain the necessities. Hyung Bo worked whenever he could get work, but

Adapted from *Korea: Fact and Fancy*, by Dr. Horace N. Allen. Seoul, Korea: Methodist Publishing House.

rainy days and dull seasons were a heavy strain upon them. The wife did plain sewing, and together they made straw sandals for the peasants and vendors. At fair time the sandal business was good, but then came a time when no more food was left in the house, the string for making the sandals was all used up, and they had no money for a new supply. Then the children cried to their mother for food, till her heart ached for them, and the father wandered off in a last attempt to get something to keep the breath of life in his family.

Not a kernel of rice was left. The famine became so serious in the little home that at last the mother commanded her son to go to his uncle and tell him plainly how distressed they were, and ask him to loan them enough rice to subsist on till they could get work, when they would surely return the loan.

The boy did not want to go. But the mother commanded him to go, and he obeyed. He found his uncle sitting on the little veranda under the broad, overhanging eaves.

The man gruffly demanded, "Who are you?" "I am your brother's son," he said. "We are starving at our house, and have had no food for three days. My father is away now trying to find work, but we are very hungry, and only ask you to loan us a little rice till we can get some to return you."

The uncle's eyes drew down to a point, his brows contracted, and he seemed very angry, so that the nephew began looking for an easy way to escape in case he should come at him. At last Nahl Bo looked up and said: "My rice is locked up, and I have ordered the granaries not be opened. The flour is sealed and cannot be broken into. If I give you some cold victuals,

the dogs will bark at you and take the food from you. Get out, and let me never see you here again." So saying, he caught the poor boy by the collar and threw him into the outer court. Returning home, the boy tried to conceal from his mother how badly he had been used and made light of the matter.

Their fortune had turned, however, for the father returned with a bale of fagots he had gathered on the mountain, and with the sale of these, food was purchased. Bright and early then next morning both parents went forth in search of work. The wife secured employment winnowing rice. The husband overtook a boy bearing a pack, but his back was so blistered he could with difficulty carry his burden. Hyung Bo adjusted the saddle of the pack frame to his own back, and carried it for the boy, who, on their arrival at his destination in the evening, gave his helper some cash, in addition to his lodging and meals.

With the spring came the birds from the south country, and they seemed to have a preference for the home of this poor family—as indeed did the rats and insects. The birds built their nests under the eaves. They were sparrows and as they made their little mud air castles, Hyung Bo said to his wife: "I am afraid to have these birds build their nests there. Our house is so weak it may fall down, and then what will the poor birds do?" But the little visitors seemed not alarmed, and remained with the kind people, apparently feeling safe under the friendly roof. By and by the little nests were full of fledglings.

One day, when the little birds were taking their first lesson in flying, Hyung was lying on his back on the ground, and saw a huge roof-snake crawl along and devour several little birds

before he could arise and help them. One bird struggled from the reptile and fell, but, catching both legs in the fine meshes of a reedblind, they were broken, and the little fellow hung helplessly within the snake's reach. Hyung hastily snatched it down, and with the help of his wife he bound up the broken limbs, using dried fishskin for splints. He laid the little patient in a warm place, and the bones speedily united, so that the bird soon began to hop around the room, and pick up food laid out for him. Soon the splints were removed, however, and he flew away, happily, to join his fellows.

The autumn came; and one evening—it was the ninth moon—as the little family were sitting about the door, they noticed the bird with the crooked legs singing to them.

"I believe he is thanking us and saying good-by," said Hyung, "for the birds are all going south now."

That seemed to be the truth, for they saw their little friend no longer, and they felt lonely without the occupants of the now deserted nests. The birds, however, were paying homage to the king of birds in the birdland beyond the frosts. And as the king saw the little crooked-legged bird come along, he demanded an explanation of the strange sight. Thereupon the little fellow related his narrow escape from a snake, and his rescue and subsequent treatment by a very poor but very kind man.

His bird majesty was much entertained and pleased. He thereupon gave the little cripple a seed engraved with fine characters in gold, denoting that the seed belonged to the gourd family; this the bird was to give his benefactor in the spring.

The winter wore away, and the spring found the little family almost as destitute as when first we described them. One day they heard a familiar bird song, and, running out, they saw their little crooked-legged friend with something in its mouth that looked like a seed. Dropping its burden to the ground, the little bird sang to them of the king's gratitude, and of the present he had sent, and then flew away.

Hyung picked up the seed with curiosity, and on one side he saw the name of its kind, on the other, in fine gold characters, was a message saying: "Bury me in soft earth, and give me plenty of water." They did so, and in four days the little shoot appeared in the fine earth. They watched its remarkable growth with eager interest as the stem shot up, climbed all over the house, blossomed, and soon four small gourds began to form. They grew to an enormous size, and Hyung could scarcely keep

from cutting them. His wife prevailed on him to wait till the frost had made them ripe, however, as then they could cut them, eat the inside and make water-vessels of the shells, which they could then sell, and thus make double profit.

He waited till the ninth moon, then got a saw and sawed open the first huge gourd. He worked so long that when his task was finished he feared he must be in a swoon, for out of the open gourd stepped two beautiful boys, with a table of jade set with dainty cups. Hyung staggered back and sought assurance of his wife, who was fully as dazed as was her husband. The surprise was somewhat relieved by one of the handsome youths stepping forward, placing the table before them, and announcing that the bird king had sent them with these presents to the benefactor of one of his subjects—the bird with broken legs.

The next gourd was opened as was the first, and out tumbled all manner of household furniture, clothing, and rolls upon rolls of fine silk and satin cloth, linen goods, and the finest cotton. The satin alone was far greater in bulk than the gourd had been, yet, in addition, the premises were literally strewn with costly furniture and the finest fabrics. They barely examined the goods now, their amazement having become so great that they could scarcely wait until all had been opened, and the whole seemed so unreal that they feared delay might be dangerous. Both sawed away on the next gourd, when out came a body of carpenters, all equipped with tools and lumber, and, to the utter and complete amazement of Hyung and his wife, the men began putting up a house as quickly and quietly

as thought, so that before they could arise from the ground they saw a fine house standing before them, with courts and servants' quarters, stable, and granaries. Simultaneously, a great train of bulls and ponies appeared, loaded down with rice and other products as tributes from the district in which the place was located. Others came bringing money tribute, servants, male and female, and clothing.

They felt sure they were in dreamland now, and that they might enjoy the exercise of power while it lasted, they began commanding the servants to put the goods away, the money in the *sahrang,* or reception room, the clothing in the *tarack,* or garret over the fireplace, the rice in the granaries, and animals in their stables. Others were sent to prepare a bath, that they might don the fine clothing before it should be too late. The servants obeyed, increasing the astonishment of the pair, and causing them literally to forget the fourth gourd in their amazed contemplation of the wondrous miracles being performed, and the dreamy air of satisfaction and contentment with which it surrounded them.

Their attention was called to the gourd by the servants, who were then commanded to carefully saw it open. They did so, and out stepped a maiden, as beautiful as were the gifts that had preceded her. Never before had Hyung looked on anyone who could at all compare with the matchless beauty and grace of the lovely creature who now stood so modestly and confidingly before him. He could find no words to express his boundless admiration, and could only stand in mute wonder and feast himself upon her beauty.

The maid said: "I am sent by the bird king to be your daughter." So they gladly welcomed the maiden and conducted her to apartments set aside for her.

When Nahl Bo heard of the wonderful change taking place at his brother's establishment, he went himself to look into the matter. He found the report not exaggerated, and began to upbraid his brother with dishonest methods, which accusation the brother stoutly denied, and further demanded where, and of whom, he could steal a house, such rich garments, fine furniture, and have it removed in a day to the site of his former hovel. Nahl Bo demanded an explanation, and Hyung Bo frankly told him how he had saved the bird from the snake and had bound up its broken limbs, so that it recovered; how the bird's return brought him a seed engraved with gold characters, instructing him how to plant and rear it; and how, having done so, the four gourds were borne on the stalk, and from them, on ripening, had appeared these rich gifts. The ill-favored brother even then persisted in his charges and a quarrel ensued, during which the elder brother took his departure in a rage, fully determined to use the secret of his brother's success for all it was worth in securing rich gifts for himself.

Going home he struck at all the birds he could see. After killing many, he succeeded in catching one, and, breaking its legs, he took fishskin and bound them up in splints, laying the little sufferer in a warm place, till it recovered and flew away, bandages and all. The result was as expected. The bird being questioned by the bird king concerning its crooked legs, related its story, dwelling, however, on the man's cruelty in killing so many birds and then breaking its own legs. The king understood thoroughly, and gave the little cripple a seed to present to the wicked man on its return in the spring.

Springtime came, and one day, as Nahl Bo was sitting cross-legged in the room opening on the veranda off his court, he

heard a familiar bird song. Dropping his long pipe, he threw open the paper windows, and there, sure enough, sat a crooked-legged bird on the clothesline, bearing a seed in its mouth. This the bird dropped and flew away. Nahl Bo rushed out, secured the seed, planted it carefully, and felt that his fortune was made.

The vines were most luxurious. They grew with great rapidity, till they had well-nigh covered the whole of his large house and out-buildings. Instead of one gourd, or even four, as in the brother's case, the new vines bore twelve gourds, which grew and grew till the great beams of his house fairly groaned under their weight, and he had to block them in place to keep them from rolling off the roofs. He had to hire men to guard them carefully, for now that the source of Hyung Bo's riches was understood, everyone was anxious for a gourd. They did not know the secret, however, which Nahl Bo concealed through selfishness, and Hyung through fear that everyone would take to killing and maiming birds as his wicked brother had done.

At last, when the gourds were ripe, shutting out everyone but a carpenter and his assistant, Nahl Bo prepared for the great surprise which he knew must await him, in spite of his most vivid dreams.

The carpenter insisted upon the enormous sum of 1,000 cash for opening each gourd, and as he expected to be of princely wealth in a few moments, Nahl Bo agreed to the exorbitant price. Whereupon, carefully bracing a gourd, the men began sawing it through. It seemed a long time before the gourd fell in halves. When it did, out came a party of rope dancers such as perform at fairs and public places. Nahl Bo was un-

prepared for any such surprise as this, and fancied it must be some great mistake. They sang and danced about as well as the crowded condition of the court would allow, and the family looked on complacently, supposing that the band had been sent to celebrate their coming good fortune. But Nahl Bo soon had enough of this. He wanted to get at his riches, and seeing that the actors were about to stretch their ropes for a more extensive performance, he ordered them to cease and take their departure. To his amazement, however, they refused to do this, until he had paid them 5,000 cash for their trouble. "You sent for us and we came," said the leader. "Now pay us, or we will live with you till you do." There was no help for it, and with great reluctance and some foreboding, he gave them the money and dismissed them.

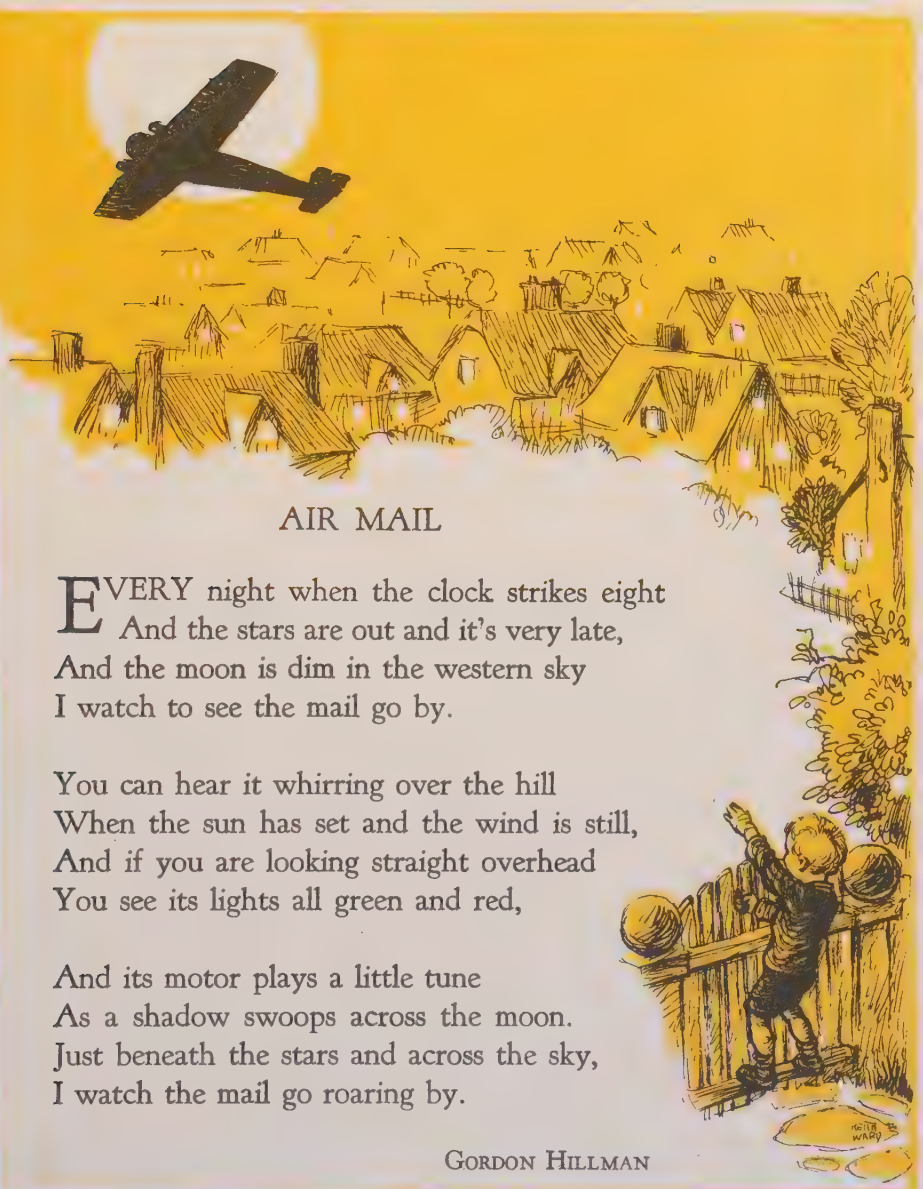
Number two was opened with no better results, for out came a body of Buddhist priests, begging for their temple, and promising many sons in return for offerings of suitable merit. Although disgusted beyond measure, Nahl Bo still had faith in the gourds, and to get rid of the priests, lest they should see his riches, he gave them also 5,000 cash.

As soon as the priests were gone, one by one all the other gourds were opened, with still poorer results. Dancing girls, acrobats, jesters, and other performers came and demanded great fees before they would depart; officials demanding tribute and soothsayers insisting that their palms be crossed with gold, followed the entertainers. A giant who threatened Nahl Bo and had to be bought off with much gold was the fruit of the eleventh gourd that the carpenters opened.

The carpenter did not relish the sport any longer; it seemed to be getting entirely too dangerous. He thereupon demanded the balance of his pay, which they finally agreed to give him, providing he would open the last remaining gourd. The desperate people hoped to find this last gourd in sufficiently good condition that they might cook or make soup of it, since they had no food left at all and no money, while the other gourds were so spoiled by the tramping of the feet of their unbidden guests, as to be totally unfit for food.

The man did as requested, but had only sawed a very little when the gourd split open as though it were rotten, while a most awful stench arose, driving everyone from the premises. This was followed by a gale of wind, so severe as to destroy the building, which, in falling, took fire from the *kang,* and while the once prosperous man looked on, the last of his remaining property was swept forever from him.

The seed that had brought prosperity to his honest, deserving brother had turned prosperity into ruin for the cruel, covetous Nahl Bo, who now had to subsist upon the charity of the brother whom he had formerly treated with such unkindness.



AIR MAIL

EVERY night when the clock strikes eight
And the stars are out and it's very late,
And the moon is dim in the western sky
I watch to see the mail go by.

You can hear it whirring over the hill
When the sun has set and the wind is still,
And if you are looking straight overhead
You see its lights all green and red,

And its motor plays a little tune
As a shadow swoops across the moon.
Just beneath the stars and across the sky,
I watch the mail go roaring by.

GORDON HILLMAN

By permission of the author.

IN THE ENGINE

GEORGE CLARENCE HOSKIN

MR. JACK THOMPSON is the engineer. Everybody calls him "Jack." He is a fine big fellow, and as we climb up in the cab he just smiles and says: "Now don't get frightened sonny; this old iron horse won't run away. She's just as gentle as she can be."

He tells us to sit over on the other side, the fireman's side of the cab, for he never lets anyone sit with him. He says that "Old Twenty-three-fourteen"—that's the engine number, 2314—is the finest engine in the world, and he seems to feel right at home with her.

There are only two small seats in the cab, one on each side of the big boiler; and when we take our places we can see only straight ahead, to the rear, and to one side. The fireman (his name is Tom) has just room enough to lean up against our seat.

But Tom doesn't get much time to sit down. On this road, coal is used to make steam, and he shovels coal all the time—first one shovelful to the right of the big fire box, then one to the left, then one straight ahead. He leaves the door of the fire box closed just a few minutes, then does the same thing again. When he opens the fire-box door the fire roars and the heat almost burns our faces.

For the first few miles of our exciting ride we feel as though we will be glad when the engine stops so we can get off. But our fright is soon forgotten as we become more used to the

From *The Iron Horse*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

peculiar rocking, rumbling, and tremendous speed, for we seem to just hardly touch the rails, we go so fast. Then there are so many things to see, and how they go flying past us!

We have always thought the rails were perfectly smooth as we have seen them many times, but we are soon convinced that there are nothing but low places and high spots, and we seem to touch only the high ones.

Tom gives the bell rope one pull, and the bell begins to ring. We can see the engine up there by the bell. He pulls the rope again to make the bell stop ringing.

There are little and big levers, and things to be turned and pulled and pushed, and every once in a while Tom does something with some of them.

But Jack just sits there still and looks straight ahead. He never looks around to see what is going on behind him. He leaves all that for Tom. Jack has one hand on a lever he calls the throttle. That is the lever that lets the steam into the cylinders to make the engine go.

Then there is a queer-looking little round box, all bolts and iron, on the top of an iron pipe, with a little short lever sticking out sideways at the top of the box. That is the air-brake control. His other hand is on that lever.

There is another big lever that stands up out of the floor, called the reverse lever. After the train begins to run fast, Jack moves this lever so that it leans way forward. When he wants to back the train, he leans it the other way.

While we are looking at these things, we hear a peculiar hissing noise, which seems to come from a small whistle in the

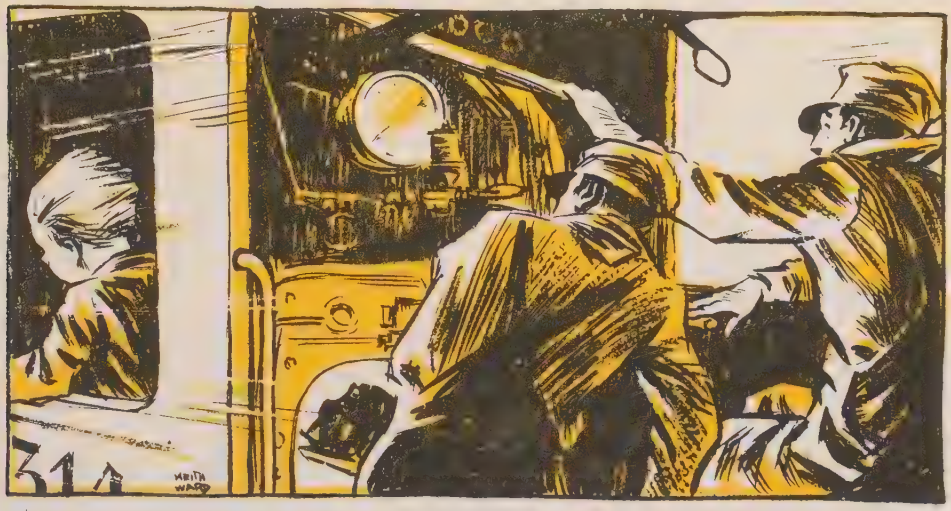
top of the cab. We are told that it is the air whistle and is operated by the trainmen back in the train. That is the way they speak to the engineer and tell him what they want him to do. You remember when we were in the coach we saw the small rope hung along the top of the car. That rope is connected with the air brakes in such a way that when it is pulled, it blows the little whistle in the cab. We will learn more about it and its signals.

The little whistle said, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s." That means that the man who has been looking after the brakes back in the train has pulled the little rope in the top of the car four times, and that has made the little whistle blow four times, which is asking the engineer to test the air brakes.

Jack just takes hold of that air-brake lever and pushes it round to one side, and it makes a big noise like, "Sh——sh." Then a little engine on the outside of the big boiler, right near our seat, says, "Ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch, ch-ch." It is pumping the tank full of air again. When the little air whistle blows four times while the train is standing, it means that the brakes are to be applied or released.

We lean out of the window and look back at the big long train behind us. There is the conductor, back about four cars. He waves his hand at the fireman, which means to go ahead. The fireman says, "High ball" to the engineer. That is what the trainmen call the signal to go ahead. Sometimes they say, "Out of town."

Jack reaches up in the top of the cab and pulls a lever down; the whistle of the engine says, "Too-o-ot, too-o-ot," which



means, "All right, we will go." Then he pulls the throttle back a little and we begin to move. At first we move very slowly, then faster and faster and faster. The farther he pulls the throttle back the faster we go, and then he leans the reverse lever farther forward.

We look out straight ahead of the engine. There are those shining rails running far ahead of us, so far that they look just like a thread. How fast we are going now!"

When we are on the outside of a curve, it seems as if we are going to run right off into the fence; but "Old 2314" just keeps poking her big nose right round and round, until we are on the straight track again. It is a queer sensation at times, and it seems sometimes as though only the wheels on the outside of the curve are touching the rails.

And away we go, puffing, roaring, rumbling, swinging, teetering, bouncing, and screaming, until it seems the big engine

will burst all to pieces. Sometimes your head is bumped up against the side of the cab as the old iron horse rocks from side to side.

While we are busy watching the houses and the fields and the bridges and the poles go sweeping past us, the engine whistle gives one long blast, and, sure enough, there is a small town just ahead of us.

But there is another train on the side track, and we are going to see what its number is. Up in the little box by the side of the smokestack of the other engine is 1-16.

Just before our engine gets even with the other engine, our whistle says, "———— — —." The other engine says "— —" and then again, "———— — —." Our engine says "— —." And we wonder what it is all about and what all that whistling means.

If you were to ask an engineer why he calls his engine "she," he would tell you that it is because it takes two or three men to handle her.

We pull into the station and stop and we ask Tom what the whistles mean. He says that when our engine said, "———— — —," it was telling the other train that there was another section of our train coming, and to look out for it. When the other engine answered, "— —," it was saying "All right! we understand that there is another section of your train coming." Then the other engine also told us that there was another section of its train following, and we answered its signal. If either of the trains had not replied, "— —," when the other train said, "———— — —," the train would have repeated

the signal, and they could not have gone on until they received the answer.

This sets us to thinking, and we do not notice that we are moving until we are rattling over the switches out near the edge of the town.

Just as we are beginning to go fast again the little air whistle in the top of the cab says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s," and our big whistle answers, "— — —." Tom says the conductor back in the train is telling Jack that he must stop at the next station, just a small place where we are not scheduled to stop regularly, to let off some passengers. Jack said to the conductor, with his whistle, "Yes, I will stop at the next station."

We are soon there, but I guess we are going too fast, for we have run way past the little station, and just as we come to a stop the air whistle says, "S-s-s, s-s-s, s-s-s," and Jack pulls the whistle lever three times in answer. Tom says the conductor is telling the engineer to back up. Jack, with his three short blasts of the whistle, says, "Yes, I will back up."

So, you see, three short blasts of the whistle when the train is in motion means to stop at the next station; and three short blasts when the train is standing still is the signal to back.

We are now moving ahead again, and we go over bridges and pass crossings and a number of other interesting things, and sure enough we can now tell when we shall cross a road, long before we get to it, by what the whistle says. Tom has also pointed out to us the signpost on the right side of the track, which tells us when we are approaching a road crossing, also the station whistling post. There are several other different

kinds of signposts, including railroad crossings, yard limits, bridges, and tunnels.

Soon the whistle tells us that we are approaching another regular stop, for we hear one long blast. As we round a curve we see quite a large town. After a brief stop we are on the move again. When we are out about a mile the air whistle says, "S-s-s, s-s-s," and Jack answers, "Too-o," puts on the brakes, and stops quickly. We look back toward the rear of the train and see two men get off. Tom says they forgot to get off at their station, so we had to stop and let them off.

Two short blasts of the air whistle, while the train is moving, means, "Stop at once." One short blast of the engine whistle, while the train is moving, is the answer, "We will stop at once." It also tells the trainmen to apply the hand brakes.

Every time we approach a station, just before we get even with the depot, we notice that Jack gives four short blasts of the whistle, and we ask Tom what it means. He tells us that is the engineer calling for a signal from the station operator.

We have often seen that tall post, with a ladder up its side, standing just in front or near the station, with a big arm sticking out each side at the top. The station operator uses that signal, called a "semaphore," to tell the engineer whether or not he has any orders for him.

When the engineer says, "— — — —," the operator, if he has no orders, pulls down the right-hand arm. If he has orders for that or any other train, he leaves the arm extended out straight. The conductor must go and get two copies of the orders from the operator, signing for them—one for himself and

one for the engineer. If the orders are for some other train, he must get two little green "clearance" cards telling him that the orders are for some other train.

The conductor lets the trainmen read his orders and the engineer lets the fireman read his. This is so all the trainmen will know what the orders are, and they will all be on the watch to see that no mistakes are made.

All train orders and telegrams are very important. Away back at division headquarters is the chief dispatcher, who tells all the trains where they are to meet or pass other trains, or where they are to run slow, or pick up or set out cars; and all the trainmen must know about all the work of the train, so none of the work will be neglected or forgotten. The conductor signs his name to all the orders before they are delivered to him, then he is held responsible for doing what the orders tell him to do with his train.

We will visit the train dispatcher's office tonight when we get to our destination and learn more about this very important part of the great railroad's work.

Four short blasts of the whistle is the way the engineer calls or asks for a signal from any station or trainman. If he is given a signal that is not clear, or does not get a signal when he should get one, he calls for it by blowing his whistle, "— — — —."

Sometimes there are messages or orders that are not so important as to require the conductor's signature. These are delivered by the operator to the trainmen by being fastened to a large hoop. As the train passes, the operator holds up the hoop and

the trainman catches the hoop, removes the paper, and throws the hoop back. This is done when the train does not stop.

Riding in the cab of the engine is certainly interesting. We can see so much, and we just want to look out ahead all the time. We see a bridge away off about a mile. As we approach, it seems to get larger and larger, until we go right through it with a great roar and rattle.

We are enjoying our ride very much . . . . Now we see a cow out on the track ahead of us. Jack applies the brakes and whistles, "— — — — — — — — — —," but she gets out of the way before we come to her.

The engineers never let the trains strike any live stock if they can help it, and the trainmen always inform the proper officials when there is any stock on the track, so it can be removed and the track kept clear. Engineers are always afraid of sheep on the track. The noise of the train frightens them and they just huddle close together in the middle of the track. Then, if the train cannot stop, when the engine hits them their wool gets under the wheels and is always sure to make the train jump the track. It is different when a train hits hogs. They do not cause the train to leave the track, but they make the wheels and track so greasy that the engine must use sand on the rails to pull the train.

SHON AP SHENKIN

KENNETH MORRIS

SHON AP SHENKIN[1] stood by the farmyard gate; and thinking he was: was there something in the sunlight now, and was there a tune in the air with the birds or something, that he could make a l'l song of them whatever? Then the pigs set up a squealing and a pother, meaning to say supper-time it was with them; and out from the old yellow-washed farmhouse came Gwenno, his wife, with the pail in her hand to fill their trough.

"Shoni," said she, "for shame upon you loafing there, and me toiling all day and slaving all night to keep a loaf on the board and the dirt from the floor here!"

"Yes, sure," said he; "what is on you now?"

"What is on me?" said she; "and the pigs themselves crying out that but for me they shouldn't have bite nor sup nor support for their lawful ambitions!"

They were certainly crying out about something; and Shon ap Shenkin was all for a bit of peace, with that l'l song in the air and all; and he wasn't going to argue, with his wife *and* the pigs against him.

"What is it, indeed, now?" said he.

"Well you do know what it is. Bronwen Cow is after her meandering up the mountain, and in the Field of the Pool of

From *The Secret Mountain and Other Stories*. London: Faber & Gwyer. Used by permission of the author.

[1]Literally translated this would be *John, son of Jenkin*, as there is no *J* in Welsh. This story is similar to our tale of Rip Van Winkle.

Stars she will be; and she knowing well that I will be waiting to milk her. Such spiteful ways you do teach the creatures, woe is me!"

"Well, well; not much for me to go and fetch her, after all," said Shon. And with that, off with him.

In the farm kitchen old Catrin, Shon's mother, was in her chair by the hearth. "Where is Shon *bach*[1]?" said she, when Gwen came in.

"Fetching Bronwen from the Field of the Pool of Stars he is," said Gwen.

"Uneasy is my heart for that news you are telling me; and this the Eve of May, and the faery night of all the nights in the year."

Shon went up through the long Field of the Stream; and the beauty of the world was delighting him; and the song in the air was coming nearer to him, but he not catching it yet. He went up through the long green Field of the Hollow, and through the gate in the hedge, and into the Field of the Pool of Stars; and there, in his deed, was Bronwen Cow in front of him. But perverse she was, and walking on, for all his calling her; and the more he called, the more she went, and the more he must follow: she put seven hedges between her and the farm before he could come near her. And all the while the song in the air was coming nearer to *him;* and it the loveliest song in the world or Wales, he thought.

And just as he came up with her, lo, there was the root and source and fountain of the song in front of him and plain for his vision; a bird on the blossoming hawthorn, no bigger

[1]A Welsh word, meaning little: with a proper name, a term of endearment.

than the druid wren, but its feathers aglimmer whitely like sunlight on the mountain snow; with every flirt of its wings shaking out a ripple of song to travel out till you could know the mountains were laughing in their deep hearts for pleasure of it; and in his deed to God he must stop a minute and listen.

And listening, every sorrow he had known was converted into joy with the richness and pleasantness of the singing.

But wonder was on the world that day, whatever! As he listened, he was aware of a song on his south that was better than the one he was listening to; and turning, saw a bird among the rushes there, crested and crowned and as blue as heaven, and shining like a jewel, and making song to bring the stars

leaning out of the sky to listen. Never could he turn to go back while that song might be there for his hearing. And wondering he saw what the power of the song was: for earth and sky were changed about him, and the mountains he saw were better than any he had seen formerly; and it was a greater joy for him to be alive than any other joy he had known; and he had little thought for Bronwen Cow, or for Gwenno his wife, or Pant Shon Shenkin, his farm.

And then a third bird came, colored like the rainbow; with a better song than either of the others had; and it seemed to him, listening to her, that the ancient flame-robed Kings of Wonder were around him, and that the vast mountains were their palaces, and he himself their friendly companion; and if there was anyone called Shon ap Shenkin, he was not remembering that one; instead, he was remembering the ages of the world and antiquity, and delighting in the beauty beyond time. . . .

Then the three birds flew away; and the stars were shining: an hour or more he must have been listening, though not five minutes it seemed. In the dimness he thought he saw Bronwen Cow descending to the farm before him; and happy he was as he turned to follow her, knowing that now the whole world of song was open to him, and never again would he be at a loss for the words of beauty to sing. "It was as if I had listened to the Birds of Rhianon," said he. They were three faery birds that were in Wales at one time; you could be hearing them for a hundred years, and think it was an hour or less you had listened. . . .

There was firelight and candlelight in the farm kitchen, and the door was open; but when he had but looked in through the door, he stopped, there on the threshold; for what he saw and heard was not what he expected. A very old man was on the settle by the fire; and opposite him a young man that might be his grandson; and there were three children on the hearth between them; and moving about the kitchen a woman that had the voice and the look of Gwen with her, only there was something strange with her too.

"Indeed," she was saying, "for shame that you don't go out after Bronwen Cow; and she in her meandering out upon the mountain!"

"Let you him be," said the old man. "Were you never hearing what befell the great-grandfather of my grandfather?"

"Ah, tell us the story!" said the children all at once.

"Three hundred years ago it was," said the old man, "and the Eve of May it was; and a cow from this farm strayed out upon the mountain; and the great-grandfather of my grandfather——"

"What was his name?" cried the children.

"Shon ap Shenkin was his name," said the old man.

"There's somebody at the door," said the woman. "Come you in, and welcome to you!" said she.

No one came, and no one was there when they looked. "It was the wind sighing," said the young man. Then the grandfather rose slowly from his seat by the fireside, went forward and told them the story of Shon ap Shenkin. "They do say it was the Birds of Rhianon sang to him," said he.

A LEGEND OF KENILWORTH CASTLE

GRACE GREENWOOD

IT WAS the evening of the day set for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Great multitudes of people had been for many hours assembled on the walls, in the chase, and park and gardens, to witness the splendid sight. But her majesty had been detained till twilight at Warwick to receive the homage of her subjects, and now it was announced that the

grand entrance would be made by torchlight. At length the great bell of the castle tolled, and a single rocket shot up into the air. Then all held their breath and listened. At first, they could only hear a dull, sea-like sound in the direction of Warwick Castle; but it came nearer and grew louder, till they could distinguish the tramp of horses, music and shouting, and the clang of armor.

When the Queen entered the royal chase, hundreds of great rockets were sent blazing and hissing into the sky; and such a mighty shout was set up by the multitude that it was almost a wonder it didn't jostle the stars out of their places. Yet they did not seem at all disturbed by the tumult, but stayed quietly in their orbits, and winked at one another, as though making fun of the Earl's fireworks. The whole music of the castle burst forth; then there was a round of artillery and a tremendous discharge of blunderbusses. The stately procession, illuminated by two hundred great wax torches, borne by armed horsemen, moved slowly from the gate of the park.

The Queen, who was young at that time and, though not handsome, was noble and grand looking, came mounted on a milk-white horse. She was dressed in the richest silks, velvet, and lace, and from head to foot she seemed almost blazing with costly jewels. Beside the Queen rode the Earl of Leicester, on a jet-black steed. The Earl was gorgeously dressed, and glittered all over with gold and gems, and might have been mistaken for a King had he not ridden bareheaded like the rest of the courtiers.

After the Queen and the Earl followed a glittering long

train of noblemen and ladies, guards, pages, knights, gentlemen, and soldiers—a long and splendid cavalcade. On either side stood a line of people, closely packed together, all bowing and shouting their loyal welcomes.

As the Queen was approaching the outer tower she checked her horse to speak to one of her ladies; when suddenly there broke, or rather slid, through the line of soldiers, a little girl, who flung herself at her majesty's feet and grasped her robe, crying: "A boon! Great Queen, a boon!"

A rude soldier strode forward and lifted his broadsword over the head of the child; when, quick as a flash, a boy, scarcely larger than the girl, leaped out of the crowd and snatched the sword from the soldier's hand, saying boldly:

"Thou art a cowardly knave!"

The man turned upon him in rage, caught back the sword, and might have killed him with it, had not the Queen cried:

"Hold, villain! By my faith, I think the lad is right! Wouldst butcher babes like these? Then art thou one of King Herod's men, and none of ours. Stand back!"

Then, turning her eyes on the little girl, who stood trembling at her side, she looked at her a moment in silent surprise. And well she might; for the child was as beautiful as an angel. She could scarcely have been more than ten years of age. She was very fair and delicate, with a tender, appealing face, and her voice was sweet, but mournful, like the sound of a wind-harp. She had large, dark eyes, with long heavy lashes; but her eyebrows were a shade lighter; and her hair, which was soft and wavy, was of a rich, golden hue. Now tears were flashing in

her eyes; and in her simple white frock she looked, as she stood there under the torchlight, so like a radiant little seraph that the stern Queen spoke softly to her, almost as though in fear, saying:

"Who art thou? and what wouldst thou with me?"

"My name is Rosamond Vere," answered the child; "and I come to put this petition into your own hands, and to beseech your majesty to grant the prayer of a poor motherless little girl, who will pray to God for you every night and morning as long as she lives."

The Queen smiled graciously and took the paper, but said:

"This is no time or place to read petitions, child. Come to the castle tomorrow, at the hour of twelve, and we will give thee audience. But tell me, who is thy brave young champion? By my soul, he hath a right gallant spirit!"

"I do not know, your majesty. I never saw him before," said Rosamond.

The boy of whom they spoke had gone back among the spectators; but on hearing these words he stepped modestly forward. He was a handsome lad, with deep, dark, beaming eyes, and a sort of grand look about his forehead, which made him seem, for all his plain, peasant dress, nobler than any young lord or duke in all that cavalcade.

The Queen smiled on him, and said:

"Well, young rash-head, what art thou called?"

"William Shakespeare, may it please your majesty."

"Marry, a good name, and an honest—and thou art a brave lad. Doubtless we shall hear of thee when thou art a man.

But now away with ye both; for it is late for such chicks to be abroad."

Then she loosened the reins of her horse and rode forward with Leicester; and all the procession moved on again. They passed through the tower, over the bridge, and entered the castle with another peal of music and discharge of artillery, and such a terrific irruption of rockets that some of the country-women shrieked with fright, thinking that the castle and all the great folks in it were being blown into atoms; some even fancying that they saw the Queen on her white horse riding straight up into the air.

Rosamond Vere went away to Warwick with some friends, and William Shakespeare went home to Stratford with his father and mother. They drove in a rough little wagon; for in those days only kings and nobles had carriages. William sat on a bag of wool behind his parents. His head was full of the splendors he had seen, and his heart beat high and fast with pride because of the Queen's praise. He was greatly excited; but he was tired also; and when they reached home, he was found fast asleep on the wool-bag.

The next day, when little Rosamond presented herself at the castle, she was at once admitted and conducted to an ante-room, where she had a few minutes to wait. She met there an elegant young courtier, one Sir Walter Raleigh, who kindly instructed her how to conduct herself before the Queen. Above all things, he told her, she must remember never to turn her back on her majesty; but, when she was dismissed, to go out backwards, and Rosamond promised to do as he bade her.

Just at twelve she was summoned by the Lord Chamberlain to the great hall, where the Queen was holding court. She was seated on a throne, under a canopy of state. She wore her crown, and a dress of rich velvet, soft blue like the sky. It was covered with white lace so fine that it looked like light clouds, and was looped up with great diamonds, that shone like stars.

After having been conducted to the foot of the throne, Rosamond knelt there, and looked up timidly into her majesty's face. Alas! it was clouded with a frown.

"And so," exclaimed the Queen, "thou art the daughter of that Walter Vere who lately conspired with other traitors to set our prisoner, Mary of Scotland, free! He hath deserved death; and death he shall have!"

"Oh, have mercy, gracious madam!" cried Rosamond, "my poor father had a tender heart; and the Queen of the Scots moved it by her tears and her beauty. Oh, she is so beautiful, if your grace would see her, you would have pity on her also."

Queen Elizabeth blushed deeply, for she knew in her heart that she was envious of Mary Stuart's beauty; and she said, more sternly than before:

"Thy father hath acted traitorously, and must abide his sentence. Go, child!"

But Rosamond, instead of rising, took from her bosom a small package and placed it in the Queen's hand. It was a paper containing a ring. On the paper was written the name of Walter Vere, and a verse of Scripture, signed "Anne R." On the ring was engraved a crest, the arms of the Boleyns.

Queen Elizabeth turned pale as she examined these, and

hastily asked: "Where got you this? And this? Speak, girl!"

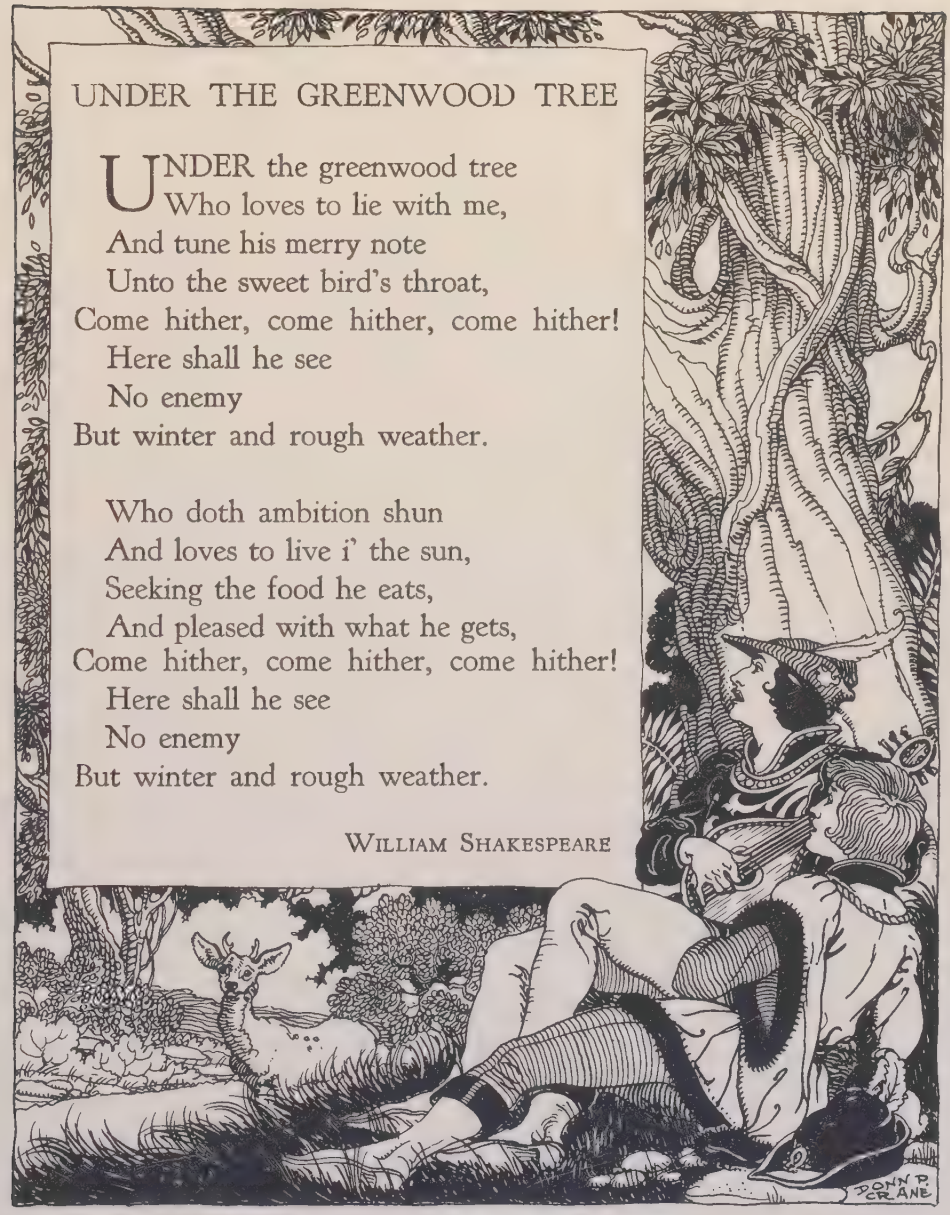
"My father," answered Rosamond, "was an officer in the Tower at the time the Queen, your mother, was imprisoned there. He was good to her; and the night before she was beheaded she gave him these mementos."

Elizabeth's face softened, and a tear shone for a moment in her cold, gray eye, but did not fall; then she spoke:

"For *her* memory's sake we grant thy prayer. We forgive thy father; but let him see to it how he again braves our ire."

She then wrote an order for the immediate liberation of Walter Vere, stating that she had granted him a full pardon. This paper she was about to give into the hands of an officer, to be conveyed by him and duly delivered in London, but Rosamond begged that she might carry this paper herself; and the Queen, kindly assenting, placed her under the charge of the officer, requesting him, with her own lips, to be kind to the child. She extended her beautiful hand to Rosamond, who kissed it fervently, but was too much overcome with joy and thankfulness to speak a word more. She rose up so bewildered, and in such haste to set out on her journey, that she quite forgot Sir Walter Raleigh's injunctions, and, turning her back on the Queen, actually ran out of the hall, much to the merriment of the gay court.

The rest of Rosamond's story is soon told. She went to London and freed her father, who never got into any trouble of the kind again. She grew to be a beautiful woman, married a country gentleman, and lived for many years far from the great world, happy and beloved, because good and loving.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

FRANK R. STOCKTON

A MOUNTAIN brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hillside to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his familiar instrument; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because

From *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate—posts, latch, hinges, and all—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain side and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired, and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired tonight, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far today after the cows, the sheep, and the

goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but tonight the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boys all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother—shouting very loudly to

make her hear—how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received today."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hillside, and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about halfway, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said:

"Let me out! Let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summertime, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way, and when they do come at the right time they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy. But I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But, if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until tonight; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night, and turned toward his cottage.

"Good night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home, his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and

the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand and thought about what she had heard.

"This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at. But after awhile she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. Today,

however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger. The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages, for he would only tire himself out and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes for the first time that day put his hand in his coat pocket, and there to his amazement he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him today, but tomorrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends, and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instru-

ment, he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But as they were all very busy no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good by, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man. But that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and handshakes; for Old Pipes was liked by everyone. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one person, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes when-

ever they could be heard. A great many other Echo-dwarfs lived on these hills. They all worked, but in different ways. Some echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him up. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

Naturally, he was very angry at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfortable leisure, and he hoped that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hillside, he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain, and it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? That you are the wicked creature

who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Anyone would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night, while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less I am sure than that of any other Echo-dwarf upon the rocky hillside, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to be just and generous, and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good by."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil." And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hillside.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him

to go back to his duties upon the rocky hillside, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot, had he been able. But, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders, and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree—and she is quite foolish enough to do it—and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."

Before long they came to the great oak tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens?" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much like them in color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad cannot enter a house. I cannot imagine whatever could have put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf—your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him; and running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the leg and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree. The Dryad pushed the door shut. There was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

Then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

That afternoon Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountains, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hillside, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hillside, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great oak tree. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let anyone know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great

oak tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said: "Let me out! Let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were, and for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad tree.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire someone to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and someone else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to

look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes's affectionate design, now happened by; and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner time! My son will be here presently, and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there. But, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel today!" said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak much more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my com-

fortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain side came the cattle, the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great oak tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then kissed his mother.

Old Pipes who had stopped playing knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed

him in return. Then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

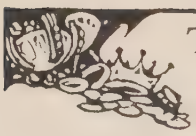
The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key off the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hillside.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad, no one ever knew.



THE LOOT OF BOMBASHARNA

LORD DUNSANY

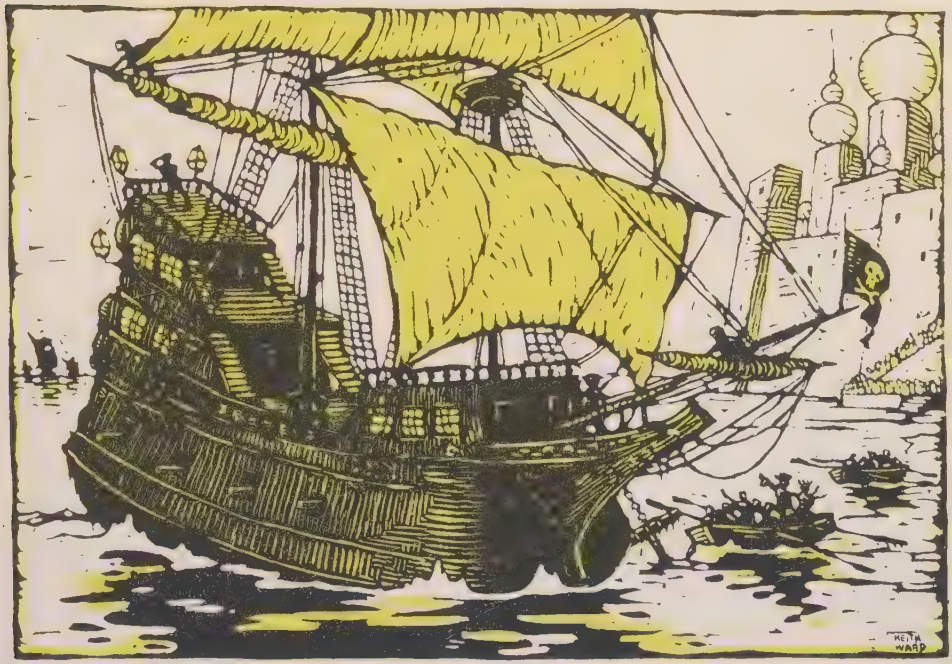
THINGS had grown too hot for Shard, captain of pirates, on all the seas that he knew. The ports of Spain were closed to him; they knew him in San Domingo; men winked in Syracuse when he went by; the two Kings of the Sicilies never smiled within an hour of speaking of him; there were huge rewards for his head in every capital city, with pictures of it for identification—*and all the pictures were unflattering.* Therefore Captain Shard decided that the time had come to tell his men the secret.

Riding off Teneriffe one night, he called them all together. He generously admitted that there were things in the past that might require explanation: the crowns that the Princes of Aragon had sent to their nephews the Kings of the two Americas had certainly never reached their Most Sacred Majesties. Where, men might ask, were the eyes of Captain Stobbud? Who had been burning towns on the Patagonian seaboard? Why should such a ship as theirs choose pearls for cargo? Why so much blood on the decks and so many guns? And where was the *Nancy,* the *Lark,* or the *Margaret Belle?* Such questions as these, he urged, might be asked by the inquisitive, and if counsel for the defence should happen to be a fool, and unacquainted with the ways of the sea, they might become involved in troublesome legal formulae. And Bloody Bill, as they rudely called Mr. Gagg, a member of the crew,

From *The Book of Wonder.* Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

looked up at the sky, and said that it was a windy night and looked like hanging. And some of those present thoughtfully stroked their necks while Captain Shard unfolded to them his plan. He said the time was come to quit the *Desperate Lark*, for she was too well known to the navies of four kingdoms, and a fifth was getting to know her, and others had suspicions. (More cutters than even Captain Shard suspected were already looking for her jolly black flag with its neat skull-and-cross-bones in yellow.) There was a little archipelago that he knew of on the wrong side of the Sargasso Sea; there were about thirty islands there, bare, ordinary islands, but one of them floated. He had noticed it years ago, and had gone ashore and never told a soul, but had quietly anchored it with the anchor of his ship to the bottom of the sea, which just there was profoundly deep, and had made the thing the secret of his life, determining to marry and settle down there if it ever became impossible to earn his livelihood in the usual way at sea. When first he saw it, it was drifting slowly, with the wind in the tops of the trees; but if the cable had not rusted away, it should be still where he left it, and they would make a rudder and hollow out cabins below, and at night they would hoist sails to the trunks of the trees and sail wherever they liked.

And all the pirates cheered, for they wanted to set their feet on land again somewhere where the hangman would not come and jerk them off it at once; and bold men though they were, it was a strain seeing so many lights coming their way at night. Even then. . . . ! But it swerved away again and was lost in the mist.



And Captain Shard said that they would need to get provisions first, and he, for one, intended to marry before he settled down; and so they should have one more fight before they left the ship, and sack the sea-coast city Bombasharna and take from it provisions for several years, while he himself would marry the Queen of the South. And again the pirates cheered, for often they had seen sea-coast Bombasharna, and had always envied its opulence from the sea.

So they set all sail, and often altered their course, and dodged and fled from the strange lights till dawn appeared, and all day long fled southwards. And by evening they saw the silver spires of slender Bombasharna, a city that was the glory of the coast.

And in the midst of it, far away though they were, they saw the palace of the Queen of the South; and it was so full of windows all looking toward the sea, and they were so full of light, both from the sunset that was fading upon the water and from candles that maids were lighting one by one, that it looked far off like a pearl, shimmering still in its haliotis shell, still wet from the sea.

So Captain Shard and his pirates saw it, at evening over the water, and thought of rumors that said that Bombasharna was the loveliest city of the coasts of the world, and that its palace was lovelier even than Bombasharna; but for the Queen of the South rumor had no comparison. Then night came down and hid the silver spires, and Shard slipped on through the gathering darkness until by midnight the piratic ship lay under the seaward battlements.

And at the hour when sick men mostly die, and sentries on lonely ramparts stand to their arms, exactly half-an-hour before dawn, Shard, with two rowing boats and half his crew, with craftily muffled oars, landed below the battlements. They were through the gateway of the palace itself before the alarm was sounded, and as soon as they heard the alarm Shard's gunners at sea opened upon the town, and, before the sleepy soldiery of Bombasharna knew whether the danger was from the land or the sea, Shard had successfully captured the Queen of the South. They would have looted all day that silver sea-coast city, but there appeared with dawn suspicious topsails just along the horizon. Therefore the captain with his Queen went down to the shore at once and hastily re-embarked and sailed away

with what loot they had hurriedly got, and with fewer men, for they had to fight a good deal to get back to the boat. They cursed all day the interference of those ominous ships which steadily grew nearer. There were six ships at first, and that night they slipped away from all but two; but all the next day those two were still in sight, and each of them had more guns than the *Desperate Lark*. All the next night Shard dodged about the sea, but the two ships separated and one kept him in sight, and the next morning it was alone with Shard on the sea, and his archipelago was just in sight, the secret of his life.

And Shard saw he must fight, and a bad fight it was, and yet it suited Shard's purpose, for he had more merry men when the fight began than he needed for his island. And they got it over before any other ship came up; and Shard put all adverse evidence out of the way, and came that night to the islands near the Sargasso Sea.

Long before it was light the survivors of the crew were peering at the sea, and when dawn came there was the island, no bigger than two ships, straining hard at its anchor, with the wind in the tops of the trees.

And then they landed and dug cabins below and raised the anchor out of the deep sea, and soon they made the island what they called shipshape. But the *Desperate Lark* they sent away empty under full sail to sea, where more nations than Shard suspected were watching for her, and where she was presently captured by an admiral of Spain, who, when he found none of that famous crew on board to hang by the neck from the yard-arm, grew ill through disappointment.

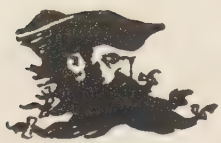
And Shard on his island offered the Queen of the South the choicest of the old wines of Provence, and for adornment gave her Indian jewels looted from galleons with treasure for Madrid, and spread a table where she dined in the sun, while in some cabin below he bade the least coarse of his mariners sing; yet always she was morose and moody towards him, and often at evening he was heard to say that he wished he knew more about the ways of Queens. So they lived for years, the pirates mostly gambling and drinking below, Captain Shard trying to please the Queen of the South, and she never wholly forgetting Bombasharna. When they needed new provisions they hoisted sails on the trees, and as long as no ship came in sight they scudded before the wind, with the water rippling over the beach of the island; but as soon as they sighted a ship the sails came down, and they became an ordinary uncharted rock.

They mostly moved by night; sometimes they hovered off seacoast towns as of old, sometimes they boldly entered river mouths, and even attached themselves for a while to the mainland, whence they would plunder the neighborhood and escape again to sea. And if a ship was wrecked on their island of a night they said it was all to the good. They grew very crafty in seamanship, and cunning in what they did, for they knew that any news of the *Desperate Lark's* old crew would bring hangmen from the interior running down to every port.

And no one is known to have found them out or to have annexed their island; but a rumor arose and passed from port to port and every place where sailors meet together, and even

survives to this day, of a dangerous uncharted rock anywhere between Plymouth and the Horn, which would suddenly rise in the safest track of ships, and upon which vessels were supposed to have been wrecked, leaving, strangely enough, no evidence of their doom. There was a little speculation about it at first, till it was silenced by the chance remark of a man old with wandering: "It is one of the mysteries that haunt the sea."

And almost Captain Shard and the Queen of the South lived happily ever after, though still at evening those on watch in the trees would see their captain sit with a puzzled air or hear him muttering now and again in a discontented way: "I wish I knew more about the ways of Queens."



BLACKBEARD

HENRY GILBERT

IT IS evening, still and windless. There has been no breeze all day, only the stifling heat of the direct rays of the sun beating upon the ship's deck, making the pitch sizzle in the seams, and the brasswork as hot to the hand as if it were fire itself. The good ship the *Great Allen* lies heaving on the oily flood. She is some weeks out of New York harbor, bound for Jamaica, with wine, silk, and other merchandise, Christopher Taylor commander. As the coppery orb of the sun sinks beneath the waves far to the west, the clouds draw slowly across the sky, and in a little while thin rain begins to fall, not the tropical rain that betokens a wind to come in its wake, but a steady, even downpour that may continue for hours.

The Captain gives a last look round before he descends to his cabin.

Seven bells are struck, and the silence descends again almost tangibly as the last note dies away. The mate still walks up and down; sometimes—a matter of habit—he looks up at the invisible rigging, and then steps to the binnacle. He whistles softly for a wind, but the sea is still and oily, and the vessel slowly swings this way and that to all points of the compass as the lazy currents heave beneath her.

Suddenly the mate stops in his walk, goes quickly to the side, and stands in an eager, listening attitude. He strains his sense of hearing, and faintly over the water, from what direc-

Abridged from *The Book of Pirates.*

tion he cannot tell, comes the soft regular sound of dipping oars. For a moment he thinks he is dreaming, then, curving his hands round his mouth he shouts: "Boat ahoy! What boat is that?" There is no reply: only the sound of the dipping of muffled oars in the water.

The Captain down below has heard the cry and comes running up half dressed. "What is it?" he asks.

"There's a boat somewhere about," is the reply. "Listen, sir; they're oars, or I'm a Dutchman."

For a moment Christopher Taylor, the commander, listens, and then, swiftly coming to a decision, cries:

"They are sweeps, not oars! They are island pirates or I'm much mistaken! Pipe all hands on deck, and serve each man with pike and cutlass!"

The mate rushes to the fo'c'sle, and the clear, longdrawn scream of the boatswain's pipe breaks forth. Up the hatchway swarm the men. Lighted lanterns are handed up and hurriedly fixed—battle lanterns whereby the crafty enemy may be seen—and men gird on cutlasses and seize their pikes. Meanwhile a grinding noise is heard on the larboard quarter, there is a sudden burst of yells and outcries in various tongues, and up from the main and mizzen channels streams a crowd of pirates, their fierce eyes gleaming in the dim, uncertain light of the lanterns as they clamber over the sides and leap on the deck. The Yankee sailors fling themselves upon the cutthroat crew, and for some tense moments the yells die down, giving place to the panting and stamping and fierce ejaculations of men in deadly physical combat. . . . The flash of a musket or pistol reveals

for an instant the fierce, sweat-glistening face of friend or foe. Men locked in each other's hold struggle and stumble.

The American sailors, hard-bitten men who have sailed the seas for years and won their way through many a tropical storm, make one more rally. Led by their doughty Captain, who, though wounded, still makes his bold voice heard above the din, the men press together and throw themselves upon their enemies, who give way a little. For a moment it looks as if even now the crew may thrust the rascals overboard, when suddenly, with a shriek which curdles the blood, over the side of the ship and into the midst of the pirates bounds an object which sends terror into the hearts of the sailors. It seems to be no more than a horrible face, with fierce, wild eyes and gleaming teeth, the head and features surrounded by immense bushes of black hair and beard. On the top of this is a broad hat, hung from the rim of which are lighted tapers which flicker as the horrible face dances here and there, and show up the whites of the gleaming eyes, the gnashing teeth, and the red mouth. In the dim light cast by the ship's lanterns and the tapers beneath the hat, the cooler sailors can see that the face is, indeed, attached to the body of a man, on whose breast dangle three brace of pistols hanging in holsters.

Startled by this creature's horrible appearance and his shriek, the sailors give way, and next moment with a rush the pirates have swept the men to the hatchways, down which they tumble in a heap. As they are driven back a hideous voice begins to cry all manner of fearful threats and imprecations, mingled with oaths in Spanish and English.

" 'Tis the fiend Blackbeard," says one canny old sailor, as he picks himself up and feels a bruise along his arm. "He dresses himself up like that and, by the Lord Harry, he's frightened us like a pack o' giggling girls."

In this way Captain Teach, commonly known as Blackbeard, got possession of the big ship the *Great Allen,* in which he made most of his later voyages, after changing her name to the *Queen Anne's Revenge* and mounting forty guns upon her. The morning after her capture, the vanquished crew were ordered to tumble up from below and to make the vessel shipshape, which they did by tossing the dead pirates and their own dead shipmates overboard, and slushing down the blood-stained deck. The same day they were sent ashore on a desolate, sandy island, with a keg of water and one case of biscuits, there "to frizzle till they were done," as Blackbeard told them, while they saw their good vessel sail away with the black flag at her peak, and the rascally faces of the pirates grinning and jeering at them over the sides.

Many were the crews and passengers which Captain Teach, or "Blackbeard," marooned in this way. Sometimes the unfortunate men thus deserted suffered untold agonies of hunger and thirst. Sometimes, however, better luck befell them, and a passing vessel, catching sight of their signals, sent a boat to bring them off and carry them back to civilization.

Edward Teach was a Bristol man born, and took to the sea when young. He sailed out of Bristol on board a privateer which some merchants there fitted out during the French wars. He exchanged from one privateer to another, always as a common sailor, distinguishing himself by personal bravery and reckless daring. About the end of the year 1716 he joined a well-known pirate in the West Indies named Captain Benjamin Hornygold, by whom he was put in charge of a big French Guineaman which the pirates had captured. After a successful cruise in this vessel he was put in a sloop, and went on a voyage as consort to Hornygold himself. Then Teach and his friend the captain fell out. Hornygold was becoming afraid of his profession, and was for taking advantage of the King's proclamation which had just been published at Providence, promising the King's mercy to all pirates if they surrendered by a certain date. Teach laughed at all such "lily-livered rogues" as thought of pardon and mercy; he was for the "skull and crossbones" till Davy Jones claimed him, and so he roundly told Hornygold his opinion of him and sheered off in his sloop. Hornygold, however, went to Providence, and when Captain Rogers, the Governor, arrived there, he surrendered to him at his pleasant villa outside the quaint old town.

On board his big ship, the *Queen Anne's Revenge,* Teach sailed up and down the Western seas and made his name and his deeds known and feared from Sandy Hook to Trinidad. Ship after ship fell to him. Sometimes his victims tried to make a fight of it, but often they scuttled away in their boats as soon as the pirate unfurled his black flag; whereupon Teach

would put a prize crew aboard under his mate, Israel Hands, to take the vessel to their port of refuge, or, if he did not think this worth while and the ship of no value, he would take the goods out of her and scuttle her, or set her on fire. More than once Teach had a brush with one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and came off with no damage. Once, indeed, the vessel opposed to him found she had to do with an enemy who was better armed than herself, and Blackbeard had the satisfaction of seeing the man-of-war abandon the engagement and take to flight.

It is quite evident that Teach was one of the type of roaring, ranting pirates who to personal bravery and daring added something of the melodramatic in his manner of life generally. He cultivated the natural ugliness of his appearance, and doubtless enjoyed all the terror which his repulsiveness excited in those

who came in contact with him. The beard which gave him the cognomen by which he was generally known was quite natural, and he allowed it to grow to an inordinate length, so that ultimately, it is said, it reached to his eyes and almost to his waist. The ends he was in the habit of twisting into tails with bits of ribbon and fixing them about his ears.

It appears that when the pirate and his crew were not in pursuit of some merchant ship or in the midst of the excitement of a fight, they spent their time in drinking, gambling, or quarreling. Enforced inactivity often caused the men to indulge in thoughts of mutiny. This appears from the fragment of a diary which was kept by Blackbeard, discovered after his death.

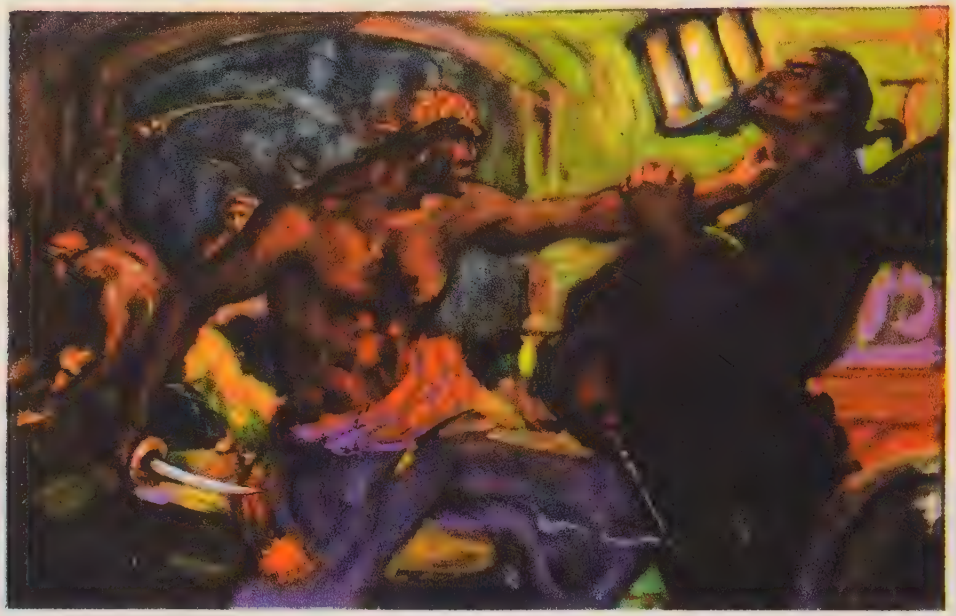
On one occasion the rovers sailed up the coast to Carolina, taking a brigantine and two sloops on their way, and virtually putting an embargo on all shipping in and out of Charles Town harbor.

Finding his medical supplies growing short, Blackbeard sent a deputation into Charles Town to demand a chest of such supplies. One prisoner from the captured vessels was sent along to convince the Town Council that many other citizens, held captive on the vessels Blackbeard had taken, would be killed if the pirate's demand was not granted. None dared refuse them and the deputation sailed back with supplies valued well over a thousand dollars.

Whereat Blackbeard laughed uproariously, and going aboard the *Frontiersman,* the largest of the captured vessels, he invited the Captain and the chief passengers to drink with him, which they did, though with no alacrity or enjoyment. After giving

them one or two villainous toasts, he told them that they were free, after which he returned to his own vessel. The Captain of the *Frontiersman* then headed back for harbor, followed by the other ships which had been captured by the pirates outside the town. It was very necessary that the *Frontiersman* at any rate, should return to the port ere she set forth on her long voyage across the Atlantic, for Blackbeard had stripped her of stores and valuables of every kind. Altogether, out of the ships he had captured in the five days he had "held up" Charles Town, he took £1500 in silver and gold coin, besides provisions and other goods.

Blackbeard sailed away south, and for some days nothing happened. Then it was noticed that Blackbeard and Hands were often in very secret talk; sometimes they would be joined by another of his men, Richards, and all three were very mysterious and resented any jesting inquiry on the part of the other pirates as to what they were talking about. A few days later the rumor went through the pirate crew that they were going to Topsail Creek, a lonely inlet in the South Carolina coast, to clean and refit. As they neared the creek Blackbeard, who seemed to be in liquor and was very hilarious, ordered the helmsman to steer for the narrows at a place where, as the more sober of the crew recognized, there would be a considerable risk of grounding. Sure enough the big ship did ground on the sand there. Blackbeard knocked down the steersman, calling him a lubberly fool, and stamped about the sloping deck swearing and ranting for some time. Then, through the speaking trumpet, he ordered Hands in the *Revenge* to come to his aid



in order to help get him off. Captain Hands, in his eagerness to fly to the relief of his dear captain, was not sufficiently wary of the shoals thereabout, and he also grounded. Then there was cursing and confusion, indeed, and the heated language which was interchanged between Blackbeard and Hands seemed to be all quite seriously meant.

As a matter of fact, however, the whole thing had been planned between Blackbeard, Hands, and Richards. Blackbeard had by this time secured a fair amount of booty, and many of the crew had hinted that it was about time a division was made. The Captain therefore determined to break up the company bit by bit, except for some fifteen or twenty who were his special friends, in order to secure the best part of the wealth for himself and his intimates.

The day following the grounding of the *Queen Anne's Revenge* and the sloop *Revenge,* Teach, together with Hands and Richards, went aboard a second sloop they had with them, leaving some of the crew, who vociferously complained, to guard the two grounded vessels. As yet it appeared that none of the men had an inkling of what was really happening, but when the crowded sloop containing the bulk of the pirates stopped at a lonely sandy island some considerable distance from the shore and about twenty miles from where the other ships had grounded, there were black looks upon the faces of many of them. Suspicions had begun to work, and they looked at one another in doubt and hesitation.

Then came Hands, who ordered a boat to be lowered, which was done. "Now, you, Venner, Solomon, Nye"—he sang out some names, and with a rough gesture indicated other men—"get into the boat."

There arose angry murmurs, questions, replies; there was scuffling and men gripped each other. Seventeen was the number of the men Hands had told to get into the boat, but the sloop held some forty more; and these forty, with knives or clubbed pistols, forced the seventeen down the side of the ship into the boat, some with bleeding heads, black eyes, or wounds in the body, all of which they ignored in their rage, while they poured all manner of vituperation and threats upon Blackbeard, Hands, Richards, and their treacherous shipmates. They were rowed, by a strong crew, to the little island and forced ashore, without biscuit or water. Then the boat was pulled back, the rowers came aboard, and the boat was swung up. The sails of

the sloop were unfurled and bellied in the wind as she took the seaward breeze and slipped away from the island, where the seventeen men, standing on the edge of the sea, shook clenched fists and roared their rage.

It is not known what were Teach's doings immediately after this. He disappears for some time, and when history knows him again he turns up at Bath Town in North Carolina, with about twenty of his men, and they surrender to his Majesty's proclamation and receive certificates of pardon from the Governor of the province, one Charles Eden, Esquire.

What had Teach done with the other twenty men, and how had he disposed of the plunder he had amassed? It is probable that he had made an ostensibly honest partition of the booty with the whole forty, and had persuaded half of them to leave the ship by ones and twos, so as not to create suspicion by landing a large number, at places along the coast, retaining about him only the score or so of kindred spirits on whom he could rely. But whether he had dealt honestly with these is a moot point, and when and where he found a hiding place for his wealth is unknown.

After some time ashore Blackbeard, in June 1718, went to sea again upon piratical deeds intent, and robbed several vessels of their goods and valuables.

Sometimes he went ashore among the planters, inflicting himself and his men upon them, their wives and families, whether they liked it or not. Here also he could be brutal, robbing his victims of their most precious belongings.

Needless to say, these various outrages ended by stirring up

hatred and in uniting all minds against the pirate; and the traders, shipmasters, and better-class planters resolved to submit to his oppression no longer. They therefore, with as much secrecy as possible, sent a deputation to Virginia to lay their grievances before the Governor of that colony, and to solicit an armed force from the men-of-war lying in St. James's River.

The Governor of Virginia was a man of a different mold from the huckstering traitor at North Carolina, and he quickly concerted measures with the captains of the two English men-of-war, the *Pearl* and *Lime,* then lying in the river. Governor Spottswood hired two small sloops, the vessels most suitable for work in the shallow creeks along the coast, and the English captains agreed to man them. The command of this little expedition was given to Mr. Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of the *Pearl,* and the story of his bravery, resource, and determination is a stirring one. The sloops were well manned, and furnished with ammunition and small arms, but they had no guns mounted.

We cannot do better than recount the events of the actual engagement in the words of Captain Charles Johnson, who early in the eighteenth century published a volume of collected histories of pirates and highwaymen.

"As Mr. Maynard's sloops were being rowed toward Blackbeard (the sloops not being above a foot high in the waist, and the men being consequently all exposed), the pirate fired a broadside charged with all manner of small shot. The sloop the lieutenant was in had twenty men killed and wounded, and the other sloop nine. This could not be helped, for there being no wind, they were obliged to keep to their oars, otherwise the

pirate would have got away from him, which, it seems, the lieutenant was resolute to prevent.

"Blackbeard's sloop fell broadside to the shore; Mr. Maynard's other sloop, which was called the *Ranger,* fell astern, being for the present disabled. So the lieutenant, finding his own sloop had way, and would soon be on board of Teach, he ordered all his men to go below, for fear of another broadside, which must have been their destruction and the loss of their expedition. Mr. Maynard was the only person that kept the deck, except the man at the helm, whom he directed to lie down snug; and the men in the hold were ordered to get their pistols and their swords ready for close fighting, and to come up at his command, for which purpose two ladders were placed in the hatchway for the more expedition. When the lieutenant's sloop boarded the other, Captain Teach's men threw in several new-fashioned sort of grenades, viz., case bottles filled with powder and small shot, slugs, and pieces of lead or iron, with a quick match in the mouth of it, which, being lighted from without, the flame presently runs into the bottle to the powder, and as it is instantly thrown aboard, generally does great execution, besides putting all the crew into confusion. But, by good providence, they had not that effect here, the men being in the hold. Blackbeard, seeing few or no hands aboard, told his men, 'that they were all knocked to head, except three or four, and therefore,' says he, 'let's jump on board and cut 'em to pieces.'

"Whereupon, under the smoke of one of the bottles just mentioned, Blackbeard entered with fourteen men over the bows

of Maynard's sloop, and were not seen by the lieutenant until the air cleared. However, he just then gave a signal to his men, who all rose in an instant and attacked the pirates with as much bravery as ever was done upon such an occasion. Blackbeard and the lieutenant fired the first shots at each other, by which the pirate received a wound, and then they engaged with swords, till the lieutenant's unluckily broke, and as he stepped back to cock a pistol, Blackbeard with his cutlass aimed at his head. Just at that moment one of Maynard's men gave the pirate a terrible wound in the neck and throat, by which lucky interposition the lieutenant came off with only a small cut over his fingers.

"They were now closely and warmly engaged, the lieutenant and twelve men against Blackbeard and fourteen. Blackbeard fought with fury till he received five-and-twenty wounds, five of them by shot. As he was cocking another pistol, having fired several already, he suddenly fell down dead; by which time eight more out of the fourteen had dropped, and all the rest, much wounded, jumped overboard and called out for quarter, which was granted, though it was only prolonging their lives a few days. The sloop *Ranger* now came up and attacked the men that had remained in Blackbeard's sloop, till they likewise cried for quarter."

(The tale tells in some detail how Captain Maynard sailed back to Bath Town, how thirteen of the pirate survivors were hanged, and two, including Israel Hands, master of Blackbeard's sloop, were pardoned, though Hands was reduced to begging for bread on the London streets.)

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

F. H. Brooksbank

RISING out of the sand in front of the Pyramids is a great human head carved in stone. The features have been much damaged, chiefly by the Mameluke rulers of Egypt, who wantonly used it as a target for their weapons; but, in spite of this and the ravages of time, the face still gazes forward across the rolling flood and sandy wastes as it has gazed for untold centuries. Calm and impassive it is, a smile that seems sometimes of scorn, sometimes of pity, playing round the lips.

What is this figure, and when and how came it there? It is the Sphinx, an image representing the god Horus[1]; but when it was carved no man can certainly tell. Some say that when the Pyramids were young the Sphinx was old; that long, long before those mighty tombs were built, the mysterious smile and the human eyes had inspired reverent homage in the hearts of beholders: nor has it today lost aught of its mystical witchery.

But of what it is and why it was made, wise men have learned something. The whole figure is in the likeness of a man-headed lion, lying down with paws outstretched before it, and all hewn from the solid rock. The body of this monstrous creature is 150 feet in length, the paws 50 feet, the head 30 feet, and the height from the paws to the crown of the head about 70 feet. The face was erstwhile painted red, and on the head reposed

[1]In Egyptian mythology, Horus was the son of Osiris and Isis, and grandson of Ra, whom the Egyptians thought was the creator of the world. Later, Ra was added to the name of Horus, making it Horus-Ra, and he became the sun god and ruler of the sky. He slew the dark god, Typhon, and brought peace and light to the land of Egypt.

a crown embellished with the sacred uraeus (the carved asp denoting sovereignty), the symbol of divinity and immortality. Only traces of these now remain, but sufficient to prove that they added to the majesty of the god.

Often the Sphinx has been covered over by the ever-shifting sands of the desert on the edge of which it stands. Even in the days of the building of the third pyramid it had become almost entirely buried. In later times yet less care was taken to keep it clear, and gradually it was overwhelmed in the sea of sand.

A curious story is told of a king of Egypt and the Sphinx. Thothmes was a prince of the royal house, but not the direct heir to the throne. He was thus not concerned with affairs of state, and often went out on long expeditions for hunting and pleasure. In his chariot he drove two horses that were fleeter than the wind, and he was wont to set out with but two attendants, no man knowing whither he had gone.

On one of these hunting trips he was separated from his friends, and, growing weary from his wanderings and the heat of the day, he lay down in the shadow of the Sphinx and fell asleep. In his sleep the god Horus-Ra appeared to him.

"Thothmes," called the god.

The Prince looked up in some surprise, and at first did not recognize his visitor; but as soon as he did so he hastened to make obeisance to him.

"Thothmes," said Horus again, "the throne of Egypt is not thine inheritance, yet, because thou has faithfully observed the laws of Ra and ever been duteous to the gods, thou hast

found favor in their eyes and shalt be raised to kingly power."

Thothmes bowed to the ground.

"One thing thou hast not done," continued Horus. "My image lieth buried in the sand, and none of all thy royal house hath thought fit to free it, though in the time of thy fathers it was reverenced by king and people alike. Now the sand whereon it hath its being hath closed it in on every side, and none honoreth me enough to make it clear as of yore. Say unto me that thou wilt do this thing, and I shall know that thou art verily my son and he that worshippeth me."

"The wishes of my lord are the commands of his servant Thothmes," said the Prince.

"Be it so," answered the god. "Draw nigh unto me, and I will be with thee, and I will guide thee." With these words Thothmes woke up.

As the god had spoken, so it came to pass. Thothmes succeeded to the throne and ruled wisely and justly over Egypt. He was as good as his word, too, and had the image of Horus cleared of the sand that submerged it, and commanded that homage should be paid to it as in the days of old. Moreover, between the mighty paws he built a small temple, in which were recorded the circumstances that had led to its construction.

Another temple, much larger and considerably earlier than this, lies a few yards to the southeast of the image. For this reason it is usually called the Temple of the Sphinx, although it is of later date than the figure, and is probably connected with the building of the Pyramids. Its walls and columns are of alabaster and red granite, much of which is beautifully polished

and most carefully wrought. This was also covered with sand, and only in the last century was it found again and the sand removed.

But beautiful as is the temple, stupendous as are the Pyramids, wonderful in their magnitude and perfection as are all the monuments of ancient Egypt, there is none that possesses the strange fascination, the mysterious enchantment of the quiet face that for unnumbered centuries has watched the eastern horizon to greet the first faint rays of the rising sun, and whose inscrutable smile has given birth to the expression, "The Riddle of the Sphinx."

THE LAST OF THE DRAGONS

E. Nesbit

OF COURSE you know that dragons were once as common as motor-omnibuses are now, and almost as dangerous. But as every well-brought-up prince was expected to kill a dragon and rescue a princess, the dragons grew fewer and fewer, till it was often quite hard for a princess to find a dragon to be rescued from. And at last there were no more dragons in France and no more dragons in Germany, or Spain, or Italy, or Russia. There were some left in China, and are still, but they are cold and bronzy, and there were never any, of course, in America. But the last real live dragon left was in England, and of course that was a very long time ago, before what you call English History began. This dragon lived in Cornwall in the big caves amidst the rocks, and was a fine big dragon, quite seventy feet long from the tip of its fearful snout to the end of its terrible tail. It breathed fire and smoke, and rattled when it walked, because its scales were made of iron. Its wings were like half-umbrellas—or like bat's wings, only several thousand times bigger. Everyone was very frightened of it, and well they might be.

Now the King of Cornwall had one daughter, and when she was sixteen, of course, she would have to go and face the dragon: such tales are always told in royal nurseries at twilight, so the Princess knew what she had to expect. The dragon would not eat her, of course—because the prince would come

From *Five of Us—and Madeline*. New York: Greenberg, Publishers, Inc.

and rescue her. But the Princess could not help thinking it would be much pleasanter to have nothing to do with the dragon at all—not even to be rescued from him.

"All the princes I know are such very silly little boys," she told her father. "Why must I be rescued by a prince?"

"It's always done, my dear," said the King, taking his crown off and putting it on the grass, for they were alone in the garden, and even kings must unbend sometimes.

"Father, darling," said the Princess presently, when she had made a daisy chain and put it on the King's head, where the crown ought to have been. "Father, darling, couldn't we tie up one of the silly little princes for the dragon to look at—and then I could go and kill the dragon and rescue the Prince? I fence much better than any of the princes we know."

"What an unladylike idea!" said the King, and put his crown on again, for he saw the Prime Minister coming with a basket of newly-laid Bills for him to sign. "Dismiss the thought, my child. I rescued your mother from a dragon, and you don't want to set yourself up above her, I should hope?"

"But this is the *last* dragon. It is different from all other dragons."

"How," asked the King.

"Because he *is* the last," said the Princess, and went off to her fencing lessons, with which she took great pains. She took great pains with all her lessons—for she could not give up the idea of fighting the dragon. She took such pains that she became the strongest and boldest and most skillful and most sensible princess in Europe. She was also prettiest and nicest.

And the days and years went on, till at last the day came which was the day before the Princess was to be rescued from the dragon. The prince who was to do this deed of valor was a pale prince, with large eyes and a head full of mathematics and philosophy, but he had unfortunately neglected his fencing lessons. He was to stay the night at the palace, and there was a banquet.

After supper the Princess sent her pet parrot to the Prince with a note. It said:

"Please, Prince, come on to the terrace. I want to talk to you without anybody else hearing.—The Princess."

So, of course, he went—and he saw her gown of silver a long way off shining among the shadows of the trees like water in starlight. And when he came quite close to her he said:

"Princess, at your service," and bent his cloth-of-gold-covered knee and put his hand on his cloth-of-gold-covered heart.

"Do you think," said the Princess earnestly, "that you will be able to kill the dragon?"

"I will kill the dragon," said the Prince firmly, "or perish in the attempt."

"It's no use your perishing," said the Princess.

"It's the least I can do," said the Prince.

"What I'm afraid of is that it'll be the most you can do," said the Princess.

"It's the only thing I can do," said he, "unless I kill the dragon."

"Why you should do anything for me is what I can't see," said she.

"But I want to," he said. "You must know that I love you better than anything in the world."

When he said that, he looked so kind that the Princess began to like him a little.

"Look here," she said, "no one else will go out tomorrow. You know they tie me to a rock, and leave me—and then everybody scurries home and puts up the shutters and keeps them shut till you ride through the town in triumph shouting that you've killed the dragon, and I ride on the horse behind you weeping for joy."

"I've heard that that is how it is done," said he.

"Well, do you love me well enough to come very quickly and set me free—and we'll fight the dragon together?"

"It wouldn't be safe for you."

"Much safer for both of us for me to be free, with a sword in my hand, than tied up and helpless. *Do* agree."

He could refuse her nothing. So he agreed. And next day everything happened as she had said.

When he had cut the cords that tied her to the rocks they stood on the lonely mountain side looking at each other.

"It seems to me," said the Prince, "that this ceremony could have been arranged without the dragon."

"Yes," said the Princess, "but since it has been arranged with the dragon——"

"It seems such a pity to kill the dragon—the last in the world," said the Prince.

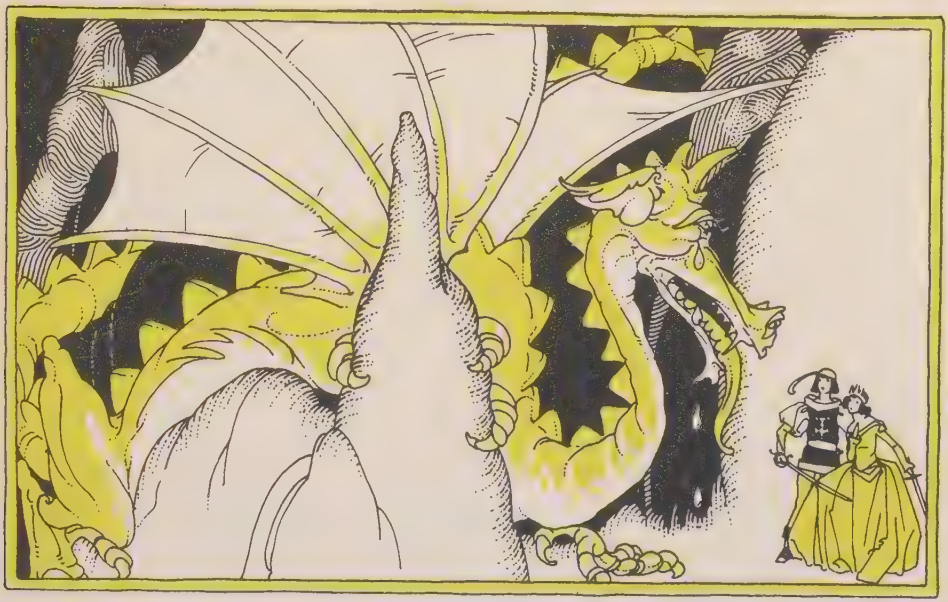
"Well, then, don't let's," said the Princess; "let's tame it not to eat princesses but to eat out of their hands. They say everything can be tamed by kindness."

"Taming by kindness means giving them things to eat," said the Prince. "Have you got anything to eat?"

She hadn't, but the Prince owned that he had a few biscuits. "Breakfast was so very early," said he, "and I thought you might have felt faint after the fight."

"How clever," said the Princess, and they took a biscuit in each hand. And they looked here and they looked there, but never a dragon could they see.

"But here's its trail," said the Prince, and pointed to where the rock was scarred and scratched so as to make a track lead-



ing to the mouth of a dark cave. It was like cart ruts in a Sussex road, mixed with the marks of sea gulls' feet on the sea sand. "Look, that's where it's dragged its brass tail and planted its steel claws."

"Don't let's think how hard its tail and its claws are," said the Princess, "or I shall begin to be frightened—and I know you can't tame anything, even by kindness, if you're frightened of it. Come on. Now or never."

She caught the Prince's hand in hers and they ran along the path towards the dark mouth of the cave. But they did not run into it. It really was so very *dark*.

So they stood outside, and the Prince shouted: "What ho! Dragon there! What ho within!" And from the cave they heard an answering voice and great clattering and creaking. It

sounded as though a rather large cotton mill were stretching itself and waking up out of its sleep.

The Prince and the Princess trembled, but they stood firm.

"Dragon—I say, Dragon!" said the Princess, "do come out and talk to us. We've brought you a present."

"Oh, yes—I know your presents, growled the dragon in a huge rumbling voice. "One of those precious princesses, I suppose? And I've got to come out and fight for her. Well, I tell you straight, I'm not going to do it. A fair fight I wouldn't say no to—a fair fight and no favor—but one of these put-up fights where you've got to lose—No. So I tell you. If I wanted a princess I'd come and take her, in my own time—but I don't. What do you suppose I'd do with her, if I'd got her?"

"Eat her, wouldn't you?" said the Princess in a voice that trembled a little.

"Eat a fiddle-stick end," said the dragon very rudely. "I wouldn't touch the horrid thing."

The Princess's voice grew firmer.

"Do you like biscuits?" she asked.

"No," growled the dragon.

"Not the nice little expensive ones with sugar on the top?"

"*No*," growled the dragon.

"Then what *do* you like?" asked the Prince.

"You go away and don't bother me," growled the dragon, and they could hear it turn over, and the clang and clatter of its turning echoed in the cave like the sound of the steam hammers in the arsenal at Woolwich.

The Prince and Princess looked at each other. What *were* they to do? Of course it was no use going home and telling the King that the dragon didn't want princesses—because His Majesty was very old-fashioned and would never have believed that a new-fashioned dragon could ever be at all different from an old-fashioned dragon. They could not go into the cave and kill the dragon. Indeed, unless he attacked the Princess it did not seem fair to kill him at all.

"He must like something," whispered the Princess, and she called out in a voice as sweet as honey and sugar-cane:

"Dragon! Dragon, dear!"

"WHAT?" shouted the dragon. "Say that again!" and they could hear the dragon coming towards them through the darkness of the cave. The Princess shivered, and said in a very small voice:

"Dragon—Dragon, dear!"

And then the dragon came out. The Prince drew his sword and the Princess drew hers—the beautiful silver-handled one that the Prince had brought in his motor car. But they did not attack; they moved slowly back as the dragon came out, all the vast scaly length of him, and lay along the rock—his great wings half spread and his silvery sheen gleaming like diamonds in the sun. At last they could retreat no farther—the dark rock behind them stopped their way—and with their backs to the rock they stood swords in hand and waited.

The dragon drew nearer and nearer—and now they could see that he was not breathing fire and smoke as they had expected—he came crawling slowly towards them, wriggling a

little as a puppy does when it wants to play and isn't quite sure whether you're not cross with it.

And then they saw that great tears were coursing down its brazen cheek.

"Whatever's the matter?" said the Prince.

"Nobody," sobbed the dragon, "ever called me 'dear' before!"

"Don't cry, dragon, dear," said the Princess. "We'll call you 'dear' as often as you like. We want to tame you."

"I *am* tame," said the dragon—"that's just it. That's what nobody but you has ever found out. I'm so tame that I'd eat out of your hands."

"Eat what, dragon, dear?" said the Princess. "Not biscuits?"

The dragon slowly shook its heavy head.

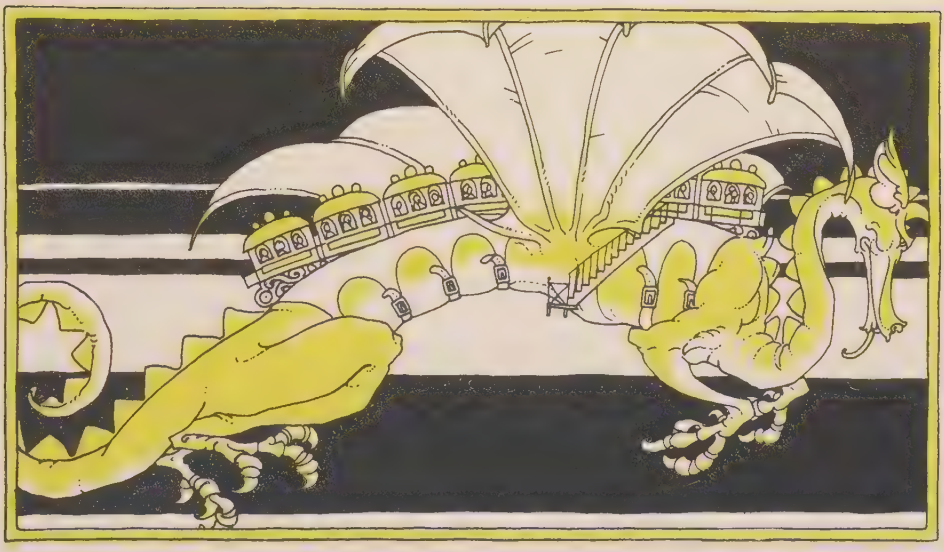
"Not biscuits?" said the Princess tenderly. "What, then, dragon, dear?"

"Your kindness quite undragons me," it said. "No one has ever asked any of us what we like to eat—always offering us princesses, and then rescuing them—and never once, 'What'll you take to drink the King's health in?' Cruel hard I call it," and it wept again.

"But what would you like to drink our health in?" said the Prince. "We're going to be married today, aren't we, Princess?"

She said that she supposed so.

"What'll I take to drink your health in?" asked the dragon. "Ah, you're something like a gentleman, you are, sir. I don't mind if I do, sir. I'll be proud to drink your and your good lady's health in a tiddy drop of"—its voice faltered—"to think of you asking me so friendly like," it said. "Yes, sir, just a tiddy



drop of puppuppuppuppupetrol — tha — that's what does a dragon good, sir——"

"I've lots in the car," said the Prince, and was off down the mountain like a flash. He was a good judge of character, and he knew that with this dragon the Princess would be safe.

"If I might make so bold," said the dragon, "while the gentleman's away—p'raps just to pass the time you'd be so kind as to call me 'Dear' again, and if you'd shake claws with a poor old dragon that's never been anybody's enemy but his own—well, the last of the dragons'll be the proudest dragon there's ever been since the first of them."

It held out an enormous paw, and the great steel hooks that were its claws closed over the Princess' hands as softly as the claws of the Himalayan bear will close over the bit of bun you hand it through the bars at the Zoo.

And so the Prince and Princess went back to the palace in triumph, the dragon following them like a pet dog. And all through the wedding festivities no one drank more earnestly to the happiness of the bride and bridegroom than the Princess' pet dragon—whom she had at once named Fido.

And when the happy pair were settled in their own kingdom, Fido came to them and begged to be allowed to make himself useful.

"There must be some little thing I can do," he said, rattling his wings and stretching his claws. "My wings and claws and so on ought to be turned to some account—to say nothing of my grateful heart."

So the Prince had a special saddle or howdah made for him—very long it was—like the tops of many tramcars fitted together. One hundred and fifty seats were fitted to this, and the dragon, whose greatest pleasure was now to give pleasure to others, delighted in taking parties of children to the seaside. It flew through the air quite easily with its hundred and fifty little passengers—and would lie on the sand patiently waiting till they were ready to return. The children were very fond of it and used to call it Dear, a word which never failed to bring tears of affection and gratitude to its eyes. So it lived, useful and respected, till quite the other day—when some one happened to say, in his hearing, that dragons were out of date, now so much new machinery had come. This so distressed him that he asked the King to change him into something less old-fashioned, and the kindly monarch at once changed him into a mechanical contrivance. The dragon, indeed, became the first airplane.

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